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OR,

EMIGRATION NOT EXPATRIATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF AND AS

A SEQUEL TO "A YEAR IN MANITOBA."

London :

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
The primary intention in coming to Manitoba—Why changed—The “boom” in land—Misfortune often persistent—Value of the Farm—Taking up land at Qu’Appelle—Disappointed expectations—Injurious result—&c.	11-13
CHAPTER II.	
Altered condition of the country—Introduction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad—Progress of Winnipeg—Public and private buildings—Home-like character of suburbs—Social, educational and economic aspects—Unrivalled advantages of the climate of Manitoba—An incident in medical practice—The certainty that these hygienic advantages will be widely appreciated—Illustrations by facts, and the subject impressed—&c.	13-17
CHAPTER III.	
Visit of the Marquis of Lorne—Fac-simile of gateway to Inverary Castle—Singular style of Vice-regal progress—Contrast between the pre-boom and post-boom periods—Prominent men victims—A sad case—Melancholy death of a neighbour—Caught in a storm—Appalling calamity from fire and storm—A hurricane—Infrequency of bad storms in the North-West—&c...	17-22
CHAPTER IV.	
In contrast with very numerous failures, the extraordinary successful careers of two young Englishmen in Winnipeg—Their <i>modus operandi</i> —Secret of success—Agricultural implement dealers—Debt and its ruinous consequences—The loan companies—Need of farmers’ banks on co-operative principles—Depreciation of land value—Recent Government laws for the protection of settlers—Worthy of general adoption—Unadapted for tenants—&c.	23-28

CHAPTER V.

PAGE

The rebellion—Military enthusiasm in Winnipeg—Becomes a garrison town—Fine material for soldiers—Exciting news from England—Riel unfurls the red flag—Seizure of Fort Carlton—Battle of Duck Lake—General Middleton—Massacre at Fort Pitt—Capture of two unhappy ladies—Delay in arresting rebels—Battles of Fish Creek and Batouche—Collapse of rebellion—Boulton and French's scouts—Colonel Otter's and General Strange's commands—Scarlet as a uniform—Advantages of the rebellion—Tribute to the troops engaged—&c. 28-34

CHAPTER VI.

Farming in Manitoba at present time—Changes in practice—Mixed farming enforced—Cattle—Creameries—Demand for cheese factories—Pigs—Horses—High prices given for large ones—The Government scheme for remounts—Hay as an agricultural product—Prairie fires—Threshing mills—Enterprising adventure with a thresher by railway—Increasing value of land—&c. 35-40

CHAPTER VII.

Departure for England—Value of sleeping cars—Port Arthur—The Canadian Pacific Railway in Experience—North Bay—Ottawa—Arrival at Montreal—Embark by S.S. Circassian—Incident of foolhardiness—Settlers revisiting England—A concert for Shipwrecked Mariners' Orphan Society—Arrival at Liverpool—&c. 41-48

CHAPTER VIII.

In Liverpool—The Mersey—Liscard—Departure for London—The Midland Railway—Its claims on the travelling public—Rapid journey—Preference for English carriages for England—English and American systems contrasted—Difficulty of obtaining hotel accommodation—Personal adventure—&c. 48-53

CHAPTER IX.

The Jubilee day—Early preparations for the ceremony—High price of seats—Excitement—Density of the crowds—"It comes"—Young Princesses—Crown Prince of Germany—H. M. THE QUEEN—Indian Escort—Accident to Lord Lorne—Indian Chiefs—Westminster Abbey—Loyalty of the people—Return of procession—Decorations of streets—Orderly conduct of sightseers—The police—Droll remarks of one—Unjust denunciation of them—The Cass case—Difference between London and New York—Lesson therefrom—The illuminations—Children's fête in Hyde Park—Popularity of eminent persons—Alleged grumblings of Indian chiefs—&c. 53-59

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PAGE

CHAPTER X.

PAGE.

London lions—Buffalo Bill's Wild West—The American Exhibition— Special features of—The bars—The Colonel's success as a showman— Cowboys—Romance of the life—A smart trick—Colonel Cody in Society—Buck-jumping ponies—A Britisher scores a success— Attempts to interfere—&c.	59-63
---	-------

CHAPTER XI.

(Grand military tournament—Perfect equipments—Performances by troopers—Horse artillery and field batteries—Perfection of those arms of the service—Reduction of the H.A.—An illustration of real war—Jumping feats— <i>Ce n'est pas la guerre</i> —Jumping on the field of battle—14th Light Dragoons—Heroes in "Charles O'Malley"— Colonel William Havelock—An ambush—A disaster and its con- sequences—Musical ride of the Life Guards—Exigence of the public—&c.	63-67
--	-------

CHAPTER XII.

Four-in-hand club—Prince and Princess of Wales—Review of the Volunteers—Interesting spectacle of the forming up—Special corps— Eton boys—Artists, &c.—Compared with the French line troops— Impossibility of getting near stand—The parks—Their beauty and radiance—The Ride—Ladies' habits, &c.	67-71
--	-------

CHAPTER XIII.

Leisurely observations of features of London life—Horses and carriages— Cabs—An incident of a Sunday afternoon—Earl of Shrewsbury— Favourite investment—A probable opening—Competition—London hansom cabs and horses, and Liverpool draught horses and harness unsurpassed—London seen for first time—Amount of population— Exceeds all Canada—Increase of pauperism—Emigration inapplicable —Duty of society towards—Absolute duty of Government—Pre- vention better than cure—Talks with anarchists—&c.	71-77
--	-------

CHAPTER XIV.

Visit to the Vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell—Conversations on emi- gration and the unemployed question—Incidents bearing thereon— Extravagance v. hoarding—Increasing poverty a characteristic of the Victorian age—"Tis the pace that kills"—Mr. Champion at the Church Congress—His theories tested by history—The Govern- ment of India—Peabody buildings—Best models in London—&c.	78-83
--	-------

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England—
of Duck
re of two
ish Creek
s scouts—
rlet as a
roops en-
.. 28-34

e—Mixed
ese fac-
nes—The
product—
with a
.. 35-40

hur—The
Ottawa—
ident of
or Ship-
&c. 41-48

The Mid-
ourney—
American
dation—
.. 48-53

a price of
—Young
—Indian
tminster
porations
remarks
fference
lumina-
eminent
.. 53-59

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE.

London as a residence in summer—Preference for green fields, woods and singing birds—The cuckoo—Scarcity of song birds—Visit to Ipswich—An old manor house—Hospitality—Ransome and Sims—Farms—The Suffolk Punch—Evidences of commercial prosperity—Return to London—Whiteley's "The Universal Provider"—&c. 83-88

CHAPTER XVI.

Bath—Salubrity of its down air—Compared with Manitoba—Resort of retired officers—Corsham—Box Tunnel—Its freestone—The harvest—Labourers few—Outrages on labour-saving machinery—Frome Selwood—Longleat Park—"The stately homes of England"—Benevolence of Lady Bath—A battery of artillery—Red tapeism—&c. 88-92

CHAPTER XVII.

Bristol—Crowded condition of station and carriages—Preference for third class—A cheese farm—Agriculture less depressed in Devonshire—Leave for France—Bearsden—Kent, the garden of England—Hops and fruit—Absence of fences—Low wages of harvesters—Folkestone—S.E. Railway steamers—&c. 92-96

CHAPTER XVIII.

Boulogne-sur-Mer—Landing—Commissionaires—The Haute Ville—Fortress designed by Vauban—Cathedral—Crypt—Belfry tower—Citadel—Prison of Napoleon III.—Visited by Empress—Dungeons—An old soldier—Godfrey de Bouillon and Napoleon I.—Column de la Grande Armée—Museum—Barbarous modern fashions—English churches—Hotels—Baths and bathing—The Casino—Gambling—Cafés—An interesting invasion—*L'Entente très cordiale*—Annual procession of clerical guilds—The annual fair—Merrydew's library—The club—Albatross—Fishwomen—Their wealth—&c. .. 97-105

CHAPTER XIX.

Departure for Paris—Railway carriages—Amiens—Chantilly—Estate of Duc d'Aumale—Gift to the nation—Bad weather—Incident in an omnibus—The friend in need—Rue St. Honoré—Hotel St. James—Breakfast and *déjeuner*—Palais Royale—*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* an offence and an injury—Louvre—Boulevards—Haussman—Des Capucins—Dés Italiens—Napoleon III., rebuilders of Paris—His civil administration his title to fame—Madéleine—Place de la Concorde—Avenue Champs Elysées—Arc d'Etoile et de Triomphe—Dubious claim to victories—Magnanimity of the Germans—&c. 105-111

Bois de
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CHAPTER XX.

PAGE.

Bois de Boulogne—Avenue Kléber—Palais du Trocadéro—The Tower of Babel—Bridges—Steam boats—Baths—Morgue—Islands—Notre Dame—Chamber of Deputies—Invalides—Evidence of Commune—Gardens of Tuileries—Rue de Rivoli—Avenue de l'Opéra—Opéra House—Tuileries— <i>Sic transit gloria mundi</i> —Vendome and Bastille columns—Restaurant Duval, Rue Montesquieu—Public conveyances—Ill-usage of horses—Extreme heaviness of vehicles—Leave Paris—Mobilisation—French soldiers billeted at hotel—Propriety of their conduct—Return to London—&c.	112-119
---	---------

CHAPTER XXI.

Politics—Canadian politics—Importance of the Irish question—Not viewed from a party standpoint—Qualifications essential for Parliamentary candidates—Imperial questions ignored—Points at issue obscured by passion—Reckless politicians—Opinions of American citizens—Professor Froude's view—Constitutionalism—Free trade v. tariffs—Reciprocal federation—American exports to England—John Stuart Mill—National Church disestablishment—Repudiation of Christianity—No analogy in America—The tripartite alliance—The war cloud—France, Germany, Russia, Austria as belligerent powers—Italy—Turkey—Will England be neutral?—&c.	119-130
---	---------

CHAPTER XXII.

Leave London—Newark—Its castle—King John—Charles I.—Feudal stronghold—A jubilee memorial—Church—Sermon by Dean of Lincoln—Lincoln—Roman arch—Castle—Visitor's book—Cathedral—"Beautiful for situation"—"Great Tom"—Southwell Cathedral—Steeplechases—Undesirable company—A discussion, &c.	130-134
--	---------

CHAPTER XXIII.

Visit to Manchester—The Royal Jubilee Exhibition—Its popularity—The Irish section—Its interest and completeness—Machinery in motion—Whitworth shells—The creamery—Indian and Colonial sections—Picture galleries—The schoolmaster abroad again—Manchester Ship Canal—Local architecture and soot—Cathedral, &c.—Statue of Cromwell—Soliloquy thereon—&c.	134-140
--	---------

CHAPTER XXIV.

Liverpool Exhibition—Peace and war illustrated—110-ton gun—London-borough collection of arms—Illustrations of modern campaigns—Charge of the Light Brigade—A charger of Salamanca—Exploration—Colonial exhibits—Hindrances to emigration—Mexican Joe—The pictures—Battle pieces—"Last moments at Isandhlwana"—An hour's death roll!—Tea—Too late for exhibitions—&c.	140-145
--	---------

CHAPTER XXV.

PAGE.

- The city of Liverpool—Second in population and commercial importance—
 First as a seaport in the Empire—St George's Hall—The Conserva-
 tive club—Outbreak of hydrophobia—Incident of a bitten subject—
 Rationale of the uncertain action of the disease—Manchester Ship
 Canal—Holyhead harbour—S.S. Umbria—Legal proceedings—Pro-
 verbial result—&c 145-149

CHAPTER XXVI.

- The Manitoba Railway dispute—Terms of confederation—Monopoly
 concession—The case of the Government—*Audi alteram partem*—
 Railway as constructed injurious to Manitoba—Entitled to compen-
 sation—Legitimate object of the Red River Valley Railway—
 Hudson's Bay Railway—Ultimate success undoubted—&c. .. 150-154

CHAPTER XXVII.

- The S.S. Parisian—Demand for an accelerated mail service—Usual concert
 for S. M. and S. O. Society—Quebec—Montreal—Jack Fish Tunnel
 —Arrive at Winnipeg—A dust storm—Reach our Manitoba home—
 Excellent harvest of the season—Produce store, &c.—Difficulties
 encountered and overcome—Competence and independence secured
 by purpose, industry and courage—Independence, not "Jack as
 good as his master"—Fine and bright weather in November—
 Gardening, brewing and other operations—Offensiveness and foolish-
 ness of the expression

"MANACLES OR MANITOBA" .. 154-160

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 .. 145-149

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 compen—
 ailway—
 .. 150-154

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 home—
 difficulties
 e secured
 Jack as
 ember—
 foolish—
 . 154-160



THE COLONIST AT HOME AGAIN.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I started with my sons for the Canadian North-West in the Spring of 1880, and in the following year wrote "A Year in Manitoba," I little thought that my experience would extend—not to one year only, but—to seven consecutive years. From the outset I designed to remain three years, conceiving this period would prove amply sufficient for our boys to learn to "paddle their own canoes," as neither myself, much less my wife and daughter, who, somewhat reluctantly in the first instance, consented to form part of the *dramatis personæ* of our expedition, contemplated for one moment permanent settlement. Our original programme would, with little doubt, have been carried out in its integrity, had things remained—or rather progressed—as we found them; but towards the close of our second year, the extraordinary, and—to all not blinded by the speculative mania of the hour, and they were few—palpably fictitious prosperity that attended the Land Boom of that memorable period, suddenly collapsed, to be, like all unhealthy excitements, succeeded by a long season of depression and misfortune, each year seemingly worse than the former, as untimely frosts, or successive droughts, were fairly driving unfortunate farmers to despair.

There seems to be at all times, a natural tendency, popularly termed "luck," that, when the fortunes of an individual, or even of a community, are down, attendant circumstances, all,

for the most part, work in sympathy; and the same law—if so it be*—also works happily in the opposite direction.

As things were, however, at the completion of my allotted period of three years, I felt it would be alike unsafe and unfair to leave the boys to combat alone a condition of things brought about by no fault of their own—for assuredly they had never been any way involved in this unreasoning greed for land, but had rested content to work the farm of 340 acres, which, from the first I had acquired for them, and mind their own business.

At one period, indeed—in the spring of our third year—we arranged that, looking to the very profitable prices offering for improved farms within easy distance of the capital (Winnipeg) theirs should be sold, and they should go and take up a homestead at Qu'Appelle—a very picturesque district, then first attracting attention—and, as my time was running out, with freshly acquired capital they could commence anew, wholly on their own account. At this time £5 per acre, or say £1,500, might, with scarcely any doubt, have been obtained for the property. But our object having been *bond fide* farming, and not land speculation, it was not convenient for us to vacate until another homestead had been procured. While, therefore, two of the boys started fully equipped for Qu'Appelle in April of 1882, the third remained to keep up the farm at Headingley, so as to have a small crop ready for an incoming purchaser, when (as was anticipated at once), it should be disposed of. Unfortunately for these well-planned arrangements, we waited until the tide had turned. The bubble burst soon after this date; indicated at first only by the cessation of demand, but then, as rapidly, or far more so, by decline of price, until land became, even the most eligible, without any present commercial value whatever.


After taking up a fine farm at Qu'Appelle—now one of the best there—breaking many acres, and sowing a crop, that for a first season was very promising, the two boys who had gone

* This proposition, in the case of Manitoba, may now, it is to be hoped, receive verification. She has passed through her seven lean years, and the past season has been the very best harvest ever experienced. May it prove, as most probably it will, the first of her coming seven years of plenty.

there had to return, it being impossible to carry on two farms otherwise than at serious loss. They disposed of their land at about an equivalent for the labour expended on it, but had to sacrifice machinery, implements, and oxen for what they could get—never a very profitable proceeding—and returned home to find they had lost, as it were, two seasons, one at Qu'Appelle, and another at Headingley—a very small crop only having been harvested there.

Thus, a scheme that promised so profitably, proved extremely disastrous, and was, with us, the commencement of that depressed condition of things that subsequently necessitated my remaining on so long a time in Manitoba, and has practically constituted me,—though I disclaim it as a *fact*, clinging still to my own native country—a Canadian settler.

CHAPTER II.

T HAS often been suggested to me. "Why don't you write another book on Manitoba, re-casting the first, and embodying the changes, local, social and political, that have taken place in the interval?"

It is forgotten that in a new country the development of these matters is so rapid, and the changes so complete, a perfectly distinct order of things comes into existence quite incapable of being identified in any way with the former.

Thus, at the period when I first wrote, there was no bridge of any kind over either the Red River, or the Assineboine at Winnipeg. A single ferry-boat, working on a single chain—both continually out of order—sufficed for what then constituted the traffic of the Great North-West. Within two years there were two fine bridges over each river; and to-day—and for the past three years—there are four such bridges of three and six spans each—two of upwards of 100 yards, the other two upwards of 200 yards long—over both the Red River and the Assineboine; while, at St. James, only two miles off is a fifth, over the latter river, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, South-Eastern branch,

which might easily and advantageously be adapted for general traffic also.

So, too, the introduction of railways has revolutionized all land transport. The long lines of settlers' waggons and effects, once so familiar, going West from Winnipeg, where they laid in all their necessities and supplies, for, not unfrequently, twelve months at a time, have now passed into history as completely as the ordinary stage coach travelling has in England. Nor less the scores of freighters' carts that carried provisions, in flour, groceries, dry goods and hardware to the small, but nevertheless numerous, stores that were, in many instances, the *nuclei* of now flourishing and increasing towns throughout the whole North-West. In short, the pioneer character of the entire country is rapidly disappearing; and, as for the neighbourhood of Winnipeg itself, in the city may be obtained to-day every luxury that money can procure, as in any city of the Old World.

The progress of Manitoba's capital and seat of her Government, has, commensurately with her increasing commercial importance as a large distributing centre, been of course very great. Every year shows an immense increase in the value of assessed property. Enormous sums have been expended in the erection of public buildings, until it can boast of structures comparable with almost any modern city on this continent. Notably among these may be mentioned the new Post Office, a very fine stone-built edifice, massive and imposing, occupying a corner of Main and Owen-streets; the Town Hall in the Market-square; the Houses of Parliament, Court House, and Government Offices, Police Court, &c., &c. Nor has private enterprise been less active, as numbers of fine shops, banks and mercantile offices attest. While the suburbs abound in private dwellings, that, if not as yet to be termed palatial, are nevertheless, many of them, of very spacious dimensions, and frequently of particularly attractive artistic design, for, to this the material generally in use—bricks and wood—lend themselves very effectively, the wood freely admitting of those varied tones of colour that enter so largely in, and give such picturesque effect, to so many of the best architectural compositions of the present day. I have been often struck by the very pleasing and home-like appearance of

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some of the suburbs of Winnipeg, where most agreeable social elements seem to exist; and where, I cannot but think, many people of limited means—specially with families—in the Old Country, would find themselves in circumstances of far more comfort—domestic and social—than at home. The interest on investments out here produces fully double those in the United Kingdom, while the aggregate expenses of living are now as low, and will probably before long be much lower. Educational facilities are abundant and inexpensive, while few people at home can at all realise the extremely vitalising character of the climate. I am fully satisfied that when its value is more generally known, the climate of North-Western America, now so accessible through the country's development by the Canadian Pacific Railway, will become a sanatorium of the very utmost value for thousands who now seek other shores possessing re-invigorating qualities altogether inferior to those which are obtainable here. A winter spent in Manitoba—and that for visitors would, for the most part, mean Winnipeg—would prove life from the dead to many overworked professional, commercial, official, and other brain toilers, whose nervous systems have become unstrung, and who can nowhere, I maintain, find equally accessible recuperative influences as in this country. On this subject I can speak with some authority, knowing the wonderful benefits I have derived in my own constitution, which had been seriously impaired by years of hard service in India, and by the far more injurious effects of ignorant medical treatment at a period—now, happily for humanity, passed away—when the faculty (there at least) had not realized that disease itself is scarcely more hurtful in its effects on the human system than blood-letting,* of which I was such a persistent victim.

* In illustration of this fact, I may mention an incident that came under my own immediate observation. In the month of May, 1858, towards the close of the Mutiny, I was encamped with a detachment of artillery close to a main road in India. I was myself in a sort of general tent for officers, and, being on the sick list, was lying on my bed. About 8 a.m. a company of the Regiment of 6th Foot arrived with three or four officers, who came into the tent, and, after a bath, had their breakfast. Among them was an assistant surgeon, and he soon complained of being ill with an attack of

Having realized, therefore, in my own *propria persona* the value of the climate, I cannot do less than commend it warmly to others, the more when one knows that the great majority of the ailments to which flesh is heir in the United Kingdom are connected with the nervous organization, the effect, most probably in a great measure, of the moisture and relaxing character of the climate. While again, the subjects of many forms of pulmonary disease obtain relief here from the dryness of the atmosphere ; and for asthma this is absolutely a specific. I am very satisfied myself that hygienically alone the country has a great future before it. But man is a creature of habit, and Britons especially so, and it needs time to alter the inveterate custom of going southward and eastward in search of health, instead of westward and northward, as will be done, I believe, before long.

Not by my own experience only, but by that of many others, could I illustrate my contention, that the future of North-West Canada will be largely identified with its health-restoring properties. One case shall suffice. A medical man of superior

fever. The medical officer of my detachment was called to him, and gave the usual remedies. He continued, however, exceedingly restless and was obviously worse. About noon he became delirious, and the medical officer being again summoned, immediately drew out his lancet and opened the arm vein. Blood, dark and thick, flowed ; and, in almost less time than I can write it, the poor fellow was a corpse ! Had his throat been cut, the result could not have been more decisive ! I expressed an opinion at the time, and have never altered it, that, had a glass of strong brandy and water, or other liquid stimulant, been applied, humanly speaking, he might have been living now. Very singularly I was one day in a sale stable in Winnipeg, where I used to put up ; and, having observed there a man in a rather subordinate position, whose appearance (somewhat sporting) and address indicated "better days," I asked him of his antecedents. His reply was : "My brother, sir, is a Major in the British Army, Major F——of the——Regiment." I told him I had never met an officer of the name but once, and proceeded to relate the foregoing incident. He immediately interrupted me by saying : "He was my brother. Poor fellow ! I knew nothing of the circumstances, but he was an Assistant Surgeon in that Regiment, and died during the Mutiny period." What strange coincidences often occur to those who travel much ! On this man himself—whom I have quite lost sight of now—"hung also a tale ;" but I forbear.

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professional qualifications, had practised with marked success in one of England's largest cities : but overwork, and other adverse influences, brought about in him such nervous prostration and cerebral disturbance, that the relinquishment of his professional pursuits was not only imperative, but far more drastic remedies impended. Falling upon the "Year in Manitoba," a relative determined to accompany him here. They resided for nearly two years as our near neighbours, with such distinct advantages to this gentleman, that he recommenced the practice of his profession in Winnipeg, and obtained considerable success there. Having, however, subsequently married an English lady—for whom the country, for very different reasons, was not suitable—he returned a hale, strong, and entirely re-invigorated man to his native land, where he is now carrying on a good practice.

The Manitoban climate presents such a complete change, and that change so suited to the British constitution that my recommendations on this score, which I unquestionably treat as a speciality, will not, it is to be hoped, be altogether unheeded.*

CHAPTER III.

THE "Year in Manitoba" simply brought one's experience of the country down to the summer of 1881, and results of a first harvest.

We then had a visit from the late Viceroy—the Marquis of Lorne. Of this it might be said, as of a more important historic personage—"venit, vidit, vicit," for assuredly he came, he saw all that was to be seen, or could be made to be seen, and he conquered with good opinions. The triumphal arches erected in his honour, and especially representing the castellated entrance to the ancestral domain of Inverary Castle, were a suitable greeting to such a conqueror. The pageant, however, was peculiar, and such as could alone be seen in a democratic country. To one who had

This chapter is especially commended to Anglo-Indians—the Author having been one himself, and abundantly verifies its truth.

been a frequent spectator of the progress of an Indian Viceroy, it certainly looked extraordinary to see His Excellency driven in procession by a man with a short blue serge jacket and jaunty straw hat, by his side sitting the duly liveried footman of his Lordship. But people differ, and what may be indispensable for the imaginative and pompous character of the Oriental subjects of Her Majesty, is perhaps uncalled for among the vigorous population of Northern Canada. Yet there is a certain "eternal fitness" in things, and there did appear—to me at least—something strangely incongruous in the spectacle.

Up to about this period an exuberant prosperity had been stamped on everything. It seemed to be that flowing "tide in the affairs of men" that, taken at the flood, "the Bard of Stratford" has for aye associated with "fortune." I think had he lived in Manitoba at this time, he must have realised the vanity of the theory as applied, at any rate, to communities. | It was a "flood" indeed; but it led to infinite misfortune, and no doubt threw the country back a full decade. One needed not perhaps to wonder so much that strangers to the American continent—settlers from the United Kingdom to wit—became victims to the insane gambling—such it was—of this period, but that native Canadians, who, many of them, must have had previous experience of similar unhealthy and ultimately disastrous agencies in the first development of other parts of the country—for I understand the "boom" of land is an invariable attendant on the opening up to settlement of almost all fresh tracts of country—should have fallen into and been victimised by so palpable a snare, was astonishing. Yet few, very few, escaped disaster; which has been both far and wide reaching in its effects. Numbers bought land at extravagant rates, fully intending to sell again at an advance; and many for the time—and this was what fed the folly—were successful. Few, however, were wise enough to secure a first success, but kept carrying on until, as was inevitable, they found themselves left in possession of tracts of land they had no need for; were unable to complete their purchases, on which large sums had often been paid as deposit, and had thus to forfeit *all*. | While others who completed their purchases, were nevertheless subsequently so impoverished as to

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be unable to keep up the taxes on property they could neither use nor dispose of to others. Many prominent men who have passed away—the subjects as regards age and previous prospects of life, of untimely death—men some of them of the highest promise professionally and socially, have unquestionably been really the victims of the depressing influences of these terrible times. One such I may mention—a barrister of the first rank in the North-West—a Q.C.—a man of universal acceptance personally and socially. He got so entangled in some of these speculations that I was informed no possible amount of professional income could ever relieve him of the liabilities, amounting to upwards of £100,000, with constantly fresh-accruing interest at 10 per cent., which he had thereby incurred.* He contracted typhoid fever, and what, with very little doubt, his manhood (about thirty-five) and natural vigour would well have pulled him through, became, under the vital depression consequent on these troubles, fatal. There was, however, one happy circumstance connected with this melancholy story. With probably a presentiment, or even—as he expressed himself—a desire for early demise, this unfortunate gentleman, not very long before, effected a policy of insurance on his life for a large amount in favour of his wife and children, who were thus happily provided for; but I have it on the best evidence the former nobly appropriated a full half of the amount to payment of her husband's debts.

Though so healthy a country generally, the grim tyrant is by no means a stranger here, albeit I apprehend the death-rate per thousand is very low. We had a sad tragedy occur close to ourselves, and in one with whom we were on very intimate terms. Our nearest neighbour was an Englishman, a young man of excellent education and good connections, and he had been some years in Canada before coming to Manitoba. After a while—having secured a home—he returned to England and married a lady of considerable gifts and accomplishments, but of a very delicate constitution, and one utterly unfit for a pioneer life. The husband was, no doubt, somewhat eccentric in his ways, for

* No Bankruptcy Laws in Manitoba.

under the plea that there was no one suitable for his wife to associate with, he objected to her ever going out. So that until we arrived she was little more than an absolute recluse. With my wife, however, she soon formed a strong friendship, and would almost invariably ask her to come and spend the afternoon if her husband were away. He was very much attached to his wife, and rarely went from home himself if he could avoid it. Late in the fall of 1882, however, unavoidable business called him to Winnipeg. My wife, as usual, was asked to spend the afternoon, and the lady herself had declared in the morning that she felt unusually well. About three, the promised visit was paid. Receiving no reply to her knock at the door, my wife went in and sat somewhile, thinking her friend was asleep; but at length went up to her bedroom to arouse her, when, to her horror, she found the poor lady laying across the bed insensible, and apparently dead. She hurried back to me to express her fears; whereupon I instantly took some brandy, and seizing a kettle of hot water off the kitchen fire, rushed off to the rescue; but although I employed every possible agency—immersing the feet in the hottest water, the vital spark had fled, apparently for nearly an hour. Knowing his affection for his wife, and the terrible shock it would prove, I went some distance down the road by which the unfortunate husband had to return, hoping to intercept, and break the news to him. Being very dark, however, he somehow evaded me; for, a terrible howl of anguish from the direction of his house, apprized me that the poor fellow had come suddenly and unexpectedly on that which too truly told its own sad tale. Well-nigh distracted he was for some days. He then determined to take his wife's body to England, bury her among her friends, and quit the scene of his sorrow for ever—which he did. Such painful events are happily not frequent out here; yet, once in a while, they occur, though probably less often than elsewhere, only for lack of other excitement they occasion unusual sensation at the time.

There was another terrible calamity occurred not very far off the following season. I have reason to remember it, as I was involved myself in considerable personal danger by

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the same storm. It was on a Saturday of February, 1883. I had driven into town in the forenoon in the cutter (gig sleigh), with a horse I had never handled before, and that had a bad reputation for unmanageableness. The weather was dull and mild and far from threatening. While in town, about three p.m., it began to get stormy, and soon there was an angry appearance of snow flying about; not that it was snowing, but the surface snow was being violently drifted by the wind. At once I ordered a "put to," and started for home; but, by this time, it was blowing "big guns." I had to go about two miles West on the Winnipeg and Portage-la-Prairie road before I could cross the river, and get to my own side, which, being through a wooded country, is very sheltered; while the former is very exposed; and here I encountered the full force of the gale. The drifting snow so filled the air I could scarcely see my horse's ears. The fur robe covering my legs I was compelled to sit upon to prevent its being blown bodily away; while my reins were nearly torn out of my hands. I had to make the right turning to get down to the river, and never a mariner making land on a rock-bound coast in dirty weather, was in greater anxiety. I hit it, as I thought, and, having then the storm behind me, pushed along; but, alas! I had made a mistake, and found I had got into an enclosure surrounded on all sides by barbed wire fencing. Hearing a voice, I hailed it, but only to ascertain there was no resource but to return to the main road in the full face of the gale. Clenching my teeth, I forced the horse's head to the blinding blizzard of wind and snow. Bravely the noble beast behaved; and though in drifts to his belly he pulled me through, and I managed at last to find the right road, and my trouble was over; for so soon as passing through the hard frozen river, I reached the opposite side, the effect was magical—one hardly realized a storm was blowing at all—so great is the value of *tree shelter* in Manitoba. 'Tis the *temperature* in winter storms that constitutes the danger—losing one's way, and getting benumbed, too often proving fatal.

I had been particularly favoured; far otherwise was the fate, at or about the same time, of a family only a few miles distant, who had the unspeakable misfortune to let their house catch fire during

the height of the gale. Consumed as it was with inexpressible rapidity by the raging flames, alike unseen, and unheard, in their affliction, the Mother and two daughters endeavoured to escape from their so recently comfortable home to the nearest neighbour's. Sad to say, in the blinding storm they groped their way in vain, till frozen to death all three were two or three days afterwards discovered stiff and cold. The Father, and a visiting friend, wisely refused to leave the warmth the glowing embers of the conflagration afforded, and they next day were rescued.

It was an appalling calamity, and yet, though I have only given these two tragical incidents extending over a period of seven years, my *répertoire* is exhausted. As a matter of fact, Manitoba enjoys an extraordinary immunity from those destructive storms and floods, that, if newspaper reports are to be believed, should make some of the Northern provinces of the United States a very terror for settlers to think of; and one can only marvel that they go there. Perhaps, among a people delighting in sensationalism, they are often overdrawn. At any rate, *we* have had only one really serious blow, and that was in August, 1886. Then—churches, houses, and no one knows what, went by the board—the surrounding trees and bush were like as if a roller were passing over them—whatever in the centre of the storm would not bend, had to break. Our handsome brick chimnaies—they were particularly so, and a source of no little pride—were blown away like ninepins, nearly demolishing my wife and daughter, who, in my momentary expectation that the house itself would go, I urged to flee out of it into the adjacent bush. Fortunately, an angle of the house directly facing to the north-west exactly met the wind's full force, and this, acting as a windbreak, saved it, for otherwise nothing taken full abreast of the class of structures in this country, could have stood before it. It did an immense amount of damage far and wide, but I heard of no fatal occurrence.


If published assertions are to be credited, in Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana, storms like the above, which with us has been the only one in seven years, are constantly occurring at all times of the year, and frequently with appalling consequences.



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CHAPTER IV.

LTHOUGH perhaps not more than half-a-dozen of those who were flourishing merchants in the city of Winnipeg when we arrived, carried their colours erect throughout the "boom" period, there have been some very notable examples there of mercantile success, and of genuine commercial aptitude. They certainly rather illustrate *possibilities* than can be adduced as proofs of probable results; still they are valuable. As examples: two young men—scions of a noble family well-known in the West of England—came to Manitoba almost simultaneously with ourselves. They called soon after our arrival here, and discussing the general roughness of the life compared with what we had previously known, one of them observed, with a determination that itself bespoke success, "I have come out here to make money, and this is all we have to think of." They were almost without any resources themselves, and had, as I understood, to borrow the limited means on which they commenced business. Starting with a small but neat wooden building as an office, they first had a deep and very capacious cellar dug—a thing so necessary to preserve from the severe winter frosts. In this they accumulated large stores of potatoes and other vegetables, and these goods, during the long winter evenings, under cover of darkness, they often, by sackfuls, carried on their backs and delivered to their various customers.

One success led to another, and, within a comparatively short period they had, in some smart land transactions, cleared quite a sum of money. The former location was soon changed for a regular house of business, in which varied forms of commercial and financial dealings were carried on. The partnership of the brothers was now enlarged by the addition of a member of a Scotch family of distinguished position, and a corresponding branch was established in London. With the firm in Winnipeg was connected a large farm and school of agriculture, where many young fellows of good family were sent out as students under a competent instructor. This scheme was probably more profitable to the founders than for the pupils, albeit the farm was a suitable

home for young men first coming to the country; and, if they acquired no large amount of practical knowledge, they were without question restrained from learning much evil, that a free residence in a city like Winnipeg usually leads to with numbers of young men who, "without guide, philosopher, or friend," or, indeed, any definite plans whatever for the future, have hitherto constantly flocked there. The elder brother, who had been an officer in the Royal Navy, now retired from the Winnipeg house in favour of the London branch, married a lady of some means, who, by the demise of her father—himself a member of the Stock Exchange—almost immediately afterwards became possessed of a considerable fortune. He is now the head of a business firm in the very centre of the City of London. His younger brother, remaining in Winnipeg, became a partner with one of the shrewdest financiers in the city in establishing the first Provincial Bank, and was also vice-chairman of one of the chief railways. The Bank proving a success, it was made into a joint-stock company, and this young gentleman, returning to England, married a daughter of a member of one of the leading banks in the Metropolis, and is now himself head of a financial firm in Wall-street, New York. All honour to well-merited success. Starting with really no adventitious advantages, these young men fully verified the adage that "Where there is a will there is also a way." I firmly believe in this, and hold that the failure of so many starting in life is due first to a want of absolute fixity of purpose, and then of the courage needful to carry on effort to victory.

The most successful money makers as a class, however, in this country are the dealers in agricultural implements, commonly called "machine men." I regret I cannot say much to their advantage. There are differences no doubt, but, as they thrive at the expense of unfortunate farmers, whom, too often, they, or their agents, coax into their debt, and then worry with chattel mortgages of all they possess, and interest at 10 and 12 per cent. and compound accumulations besides, they are, many of them, inexorable Shylocks, of whom I would warn all new comers to beware.* Debt is, I earnestly advise, to be avoided as poison

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itself. There is no country where it is (was, anyway) so easy to contract it, so hard, on account of the terrible rates of interest invariably charged from the day it is incurred, to defray it; and this the more that cash itself is always very short in young countries. Trade (barter) is easily accomplished, but this will not pay debts, and the farmer, for his receipts, in every country alike, is more or less at the mercy of the elements. Better far for a man to begin quietly, and go on patiently, remembering that Manitoba and the North-West are rising provinces, and as Prince Bismarck—no mean authority—has said, "All things come to him that waits." Although labour-saving implements are indispensable for all who farm largely—and these things are most of them fully a-half cheaper than they were,—it should always be considered that the profits of agriculture are really not derivable from grain-growing *even mainly*. This forms, certainly, a very important part of a large farmer's resources, but such should only be men possessed of capital. The homesteader should never go beyond the actual means at his disposal, or he is sure to rue it. Another class who play no inconsiderable part in this country—and, indeed, throughout Canada generally—are the Loan Companies. They are very numerous, but I fear must be classed with the "machine men," as too often the "Terror of the Farmers." This is not because they merely loan money—not usually, however, by itself, a very noble occupation anywhere, even though it be on *land*, which is supposed in this country to consecrate and surround it with a halo of special respectability, inasmuch that Governors of provinces, and others of repute, think it no robbery to be Presidents of such societies, extracting 9 to 10 per cent., and compound interest from impecunious mortgagors who thus raise money on their farms. It is *this* that makes the business odious, and prevents, as far as I can see, such companies occupying morally any higher status than that

(exceptions), the Author wishes it to be understood that he gives simply the result of his own personal experience and observation, and he conceives he had as good a claim for the indulgence of these people as any man who ever came to the country. At the same time, it is as creditors he takes exception to the trade, not as cash dealers; but then credit is the basis of the business, and on which it thrives.

accorded to the usual Shylocks of the profession. I wish to be fair in my strictures, and don't expect men to advance money on principles of philanthropy alone; but, in a period when there is so much gushing sympathy—pretended or real—notably in this country for the evicted tenants of Ireland, whose landlords are held up to such constant execrations as oppressors of the poor farmers there—it is well to keep in view the *fact*, that, if there are few landlords (agricultural) in Canada, there is nevertheless a class fully as numerous who occupy an analogous position, viz., the Mortgagees (and 'tis said the loan companies own by foreclosure and otherwise three-fourths of all the land in Ontario) who are *far* more inexorable in extorting, not only the interest (practically the rent) but compound interest also, than the very worst of British landlords. On the contrary, having lived much in English agricultural counties, I affirm, without fear of successful dispute, that, as a body, the landlords of Great Britain are the most forbearing and indulgent creditors under the sun. Let a party here start a "Plan of Campaign" against payment of instalments due to the loan companies, and the real value of the large amount of professed Canadian sympathy for Ireland—which is here so cheap and effective, but partakes so much of the "beam in the eye" of the one trying to cast out the "mote in the eye" of the brother—would soon appear. No doubt these companies in Manitoba have had their fingers pretty well burnt. The depreciation in the value of land has fallen heavily on many of them, who, at the "boom" period, advanced amounts, professedly only to a third of the value of properties, but which often subsequently became absolutely two and three times over its actual market value. There is a property not far from this where the owners paid £1,200 for it, soon after mortgaging it for £3,500! It is not now worth by a long way the purchase value, and the Loan Company has it, as a matter of course, now on its hands. Scores of parties obtained lands in the prosperous times of 1882, on which they paid but a trifling deposit; they mortgaged them then for far beyond their value, and decamped. Such has been very much the style of Manitoban land purchase morality for a good many years past. A more healthy tone is now exis-

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tant, and the accursed system of credit, so universal in recent years—supposed profitable, because always bearing 12 per cent. interest—has entirely collapsed, and given place to the alone wholesome and sound principle of cash payments. An institution for loaning money to farmers at the lowest possible rate of interest consistent with a moderate remuneration for the advance made, ought to be so constituted as to work advantageously to both parties; yet, on the whole, what was at one time projected, a system of Farmers' Banks on co-operative principles would be the better thing. In no country at the present time have farmers any margin for interest on loans at 10 per cent., and compound interest on arrears; and all such usurious transactions should be made illegal. One is aghast at seeing people of position—too often elders and members of religious communities—lending themselves to such iniquity. But it is so here, and justified too by the most plausible arguments. Much has been done for the agricultural interests in this North-West within the past few years. The Government, acting at once wisely and politically, enacted a law—in view of the "reign of terror" prevailing—to secure to every farmer so much of his goods, chattels, and stock-in-trade, as were absolutely necessary; to wit, his team of horses, waggon, implements, &c., without which he would be helpless to work his land, or recover his position, free from all distraint for debt. Such a course merits universal adoption, and in the United Kingdom as well as here. Of course, there must be a difference where the defaulter is simply a tenant and not the owner of the soil. So long as land is—as it has from time immemorial been esteemed—property, it enjoys vested interests that cannot morally be interfered with without due compensation. A Government, therefore, to interfere, to protect a tenant in the possession of what belongs to another, without first acquiring the proprietary right to do so, is guilty of wrong. It seems to me that the act of the Government of Mr. Gladstone in 1880 in Ireland, was the first step to set this fundamental principle of property in land at defiance, and has originated that intolerable condition to which landowners, not only there, but throughout the United Kingdom, have been reduced by the alarming depreciation in the value of landed property

arising from the *uncertainty of tenure* now attending it. It was a very serious measure, indeed, the ultimate outcome of which it is impossible to forecast, invading as it does the sacred principle of the rights of property. The constitutional right of a Government to appropriate land for the general good is well recognised, but this has always been heretofore, in modern times, based on the principle of *equitable compensation*. That, in this day of a higher humanity, a debtors' bed, and necessary household effects, should be taken from him, or even the tools whereby a workman of any kind earns his livelihood, is a scandal to any country wherein it is allowed.

It is only a suitable corollary to the foregoing to add, that these two classes (machine-men and loan companies) absorb nearly all the money throughout this North-West; and—as they are not indigenous, but branches of institutions that have their headquarters either in Ontario, or the States, they utterly impoverish the country by *sending all the money out of it!*

CHAPTER V.



ANY summary of the life of Manitoba and North Western Canada during the past seven years would be very incomplete that did not include, as a period of very considerable importance, the abortive *émeute* of the half-breed Riel, his followers, and Indian allies on the frontier. It would have been a remarkable event had it only included the City of Winnipeg itself; which, from being simply a busy commercial centre, was, in an incredibly short space of time, transformed into a regular garrison town, with every attendant circumstance of martial display. Every arm of the service was represented—artillery, cavalry, infantry—all mingled in picturesque confusion, in her streets, or camped in squadrons on the tented plain. The military enthusiasm was really unbounded. Regiments of volunteers were formed, drilled, and equipped with the utmost despatch; and, had only one or two battalions of seasoned troops been associated with them, they

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would have unquestionably constituted a formidable force. The material was, much of it, of the very best. Scores of adventurous young men—largely from the Old Country—abounded at the time in or around Winnipeg; and these, from their superior education and physique, would, if subjected to strict discipline, have made the finest of soldiers. Mixed with native-born Canadians, they filled up in respectable numbers the rolls of at least three local infantry regiments, besides a battery of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry. These were again supplemented by contingents from Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia, until General Middleton—the Commander of the Forces in Canada—had altogether at his disposal some 6,000 men.

It was early in March, 1885. The greatest excitement was prevailing at the daily expectation of news that hostilities had actually broken out between the Mother Country and the colossal Empire of Russia, over the delimitation of the Afghan boundary—simultaneous as this was with the sanguinary engagements in the Soudan, both in the neighbourhood of Suakim with General Graham, and in the Bahuda Desert with Lord Wolseley; and when a general crisis seemed to be impending with France in China; Germany in the Cameroons and Guinea; and the Boers in South Africa. Thus, when it was confidently supposed, that, if there was a spot in the British possessions which might safely be deemed to be outside any possible warlike operations, that spot was in North-Western Canada, suddenly, news arrived that Louis Riel, the quasi-hero of the Red River Rebellion of 1879, had again raised the standard of revolt, and, with an indefinite following of some hundreds of half-breeds, had taken possession of Fort Carlton. Within another mail or so—for telegraph wires had been cut by the rebels—a sanguinary conflict was reported to have occurred between a party of the North-West Mounted Police—about thirty strong—under Colonel Irvine, and some hundred Volunteers, under Major Crozier, at a place called Duck Lake, with a result of twelve killed and twenty-five wounded on their part, and an unknown number on the part of the Rielites.

This was a very serious beginning; and caused the greatest sensation; the more that this precipitation of actual hostilities

precluded the prospect, heretofore indulged, that an actual collision might still be avoided; it having been conceded that the half-breeds had some real grievances, but of course altogether insufficient to justify rebellion—and there can be little doubt no rebellion would ever have occurred had there not been a Louis Riel to foment and head it, for purposes wholly personal to himself. It was stated that this encounter was the outcome of a gross act of treachery—a white flag having been hoisted by Colonel Irvine, and a parley actually commenced, when fire was opened by the rebels. However, a retreat was necessary, and was effected in good order, and without any further loss. Gross neglect must have been chargeable somewhere, for an outbreak of such dimensions to have occurred so suddenly. The rebels were all well armed, and had with them many Winchester and Remington rifles, and ammunition seemed abundant; while for them to have become thus prepared, without any previous acquaintance with the fact, constitutes a serious indictment against those responsible for order in this North-West.

Riel had obviously been "biding his time," as he announced that England was now at war with Russia—the "wish being father to the thought"; and Fenian assistance was also said to be counted on, which, had he met with any sustained success, would very probably have been forthcoming. Anyway, the crisis evoked a response from all parties equal to the occasion. There was never any fear on the score of *numbers* in suppressing the rising. The real danger arose from the risk of a general *émeute* of the Indian tribes on the frontier—a body of some 30,000 warriors, whose methods of warfare are little adapted for the material of which the great body of the troops was composed. The campaign would then necessarily have been wholly of a desultory and guerilla character, and anything like a regular stand-up fight entirely out of the question.

About 10th April came news of a sad massacre, by Redskin Indians, of some settlers at Frog Lake; and also that two unhappy white ladies had been captured by them. The most terrible forebodings as to their fate were freely indulged, for these savages, who are very demons personified when on the

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warpath, seem to consider an unfortunate white woman the fittest possible subject for the exercise of their brutality, usually causing every other atrocity to culminate in leaving her to be slowly tortured to death by demons of her own sex—their squaws! Happily, these poor women escaped that fate, and were eventually rescued.

General Middleton arrived at Winnipeg, and assumed supreme command on 27th March, but it was nearly a month after this before he was prepared to assume the offensive; and this delay, for which *he* was in no way responsible, enabled the rebels to make head, where prompt action, had it been practicable by the presence of an adequate flying force on the frontier at the time, might at once have nipped the rising in the bud. In future a much larger force will have to be maintained, but it had long been a subject of wonderment that less than 500 police were retained to keep under such a large number of Indians, all more or less warlike by nature, and most of them chronically on that verge of starvation, and misery (through loss of their hunting grounds) as to render them restless, and always more or less ripe for mischief.

The battle of Fish Creek on 24th April was the first seriously premeditated engagement, for Duck Lake had been a surprise. The enemy were not very numerous—not exceeding 400 men at any time, and no guns. But they had secured a very favourable position in an inaccessible ravine, and being excellent shots and skilled in this mode of fighting, it was impossible for the General, without more artillery, to dislodge them; for, in endeavouring to do this with his infantry, he would sustain so many casualties, that no commander could feel justified, with citizen soldiers—representing as they did, many of them, valuable lives—in incurring the losses necessary to take such a place at the point of the bayonet. The operations, however, were so far successful that the enemy soon after vacated the stronghold, thus obtaining for the troops the fruits of victory. Following this up as rapidly as possible—reinforcements arriving from the East—a further engagement took place at Batouche—still on the line of the Saskatchewan river—on 9th May; and this was decisive of the fate of Riel, who had been conspicuous throughout for nothing but the art of

seeking in every way his own personal advantage, and keeping as far as possible out of danger. In fact, there can be little doubt that he was a poltroon, and with no qualification whatever for playing the part of a real hero. There was a little sharp fighting on this occasion, but the killed and wounded together did not exceed forty.

Besides these operations under the immediate direction of General Middleton himself, there were two other distinct military commands in the field. The one under Colonel Otter, his force consisting of about 500 men and two guns, with a Gatling, in the neighbourhood of Battleford, operating against the Indian Chief "Poundmaker," with whom he had an indecisive engagement on the 1st May at Cut Knife Creek, losing several killed and wounded; and the other under General Strange, a retired officer of the Royal Artillery, and settler in the district of Prince Albert. He had a force of between 800 and 900 men operating against the Chief "Big Bear" in the neighbourhood of Fort Pitt, a Hudson's Bay station, and where, at Frog Lake, the sad massacre of 10th April already named occurred.

On 27th May, at Red Deer River near this, he too had an indecisive engagement. It led, however, to Big Bear's retreat, and he never appeared on the scene again, until, with his brother Poundmaker, they both gave themselves up, and the campaign was concluded towards the latter end of June, when the troops that had been employed were at once ordered to return to their homes, the Rebellion of 1885 being thus at an end.

In all these operations very effective aid was rendered by two or three hastily-raised corps of scouts or mounted infantry, of which the two under Major Boulton (late of the 100th Royal Canadians) and Captain French of the Mounted Police (who fell at Batouche) were the most conspicuous. The men were composed for the most part of settlers, living on and farming their own homesteads, and all being more or less accustomed to riding and the use of firearms, they formed most efficient auxiliaries, not only as skirmishers, but for such duties as foraging, reconnaissance, intelligence and kindred offices, so much so that a similar corps has since been formed and permanently attached

to the School of Infantry at Winnipeg, of some 60 men. The error therein, however, seems to me to lie in the circumstance that their uniform is scarlet, than which no colour can possibly be more unsuitable for frontier warfare. The same objection applies to the Mounted Police—the strength of which force has been raised to 1,000 men. Their duties are essentially civil, but they are, nevertheless, equipped in scarlet, and might well pass for a regiment of British Dragoon Guards, being an exceedingly smart, well-set-up body of men, composed largely of young fellows of good education and connections, from the Old Country; and, as the pay is but trifling, a smart uniform is probably found to create a sufficient attraction, though, if statements in the newspapers are to be accepted, the position of some of these men cannot be very enviable. I don't vouch for its authenticity, but I recently read in two different papers, and have heard it otherwise confirmed, that a trooper—a son too of an English general officer—had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for refusing to clean his commanding officer's boots! Such a circumstance, if true, does both “point a moral and adorn a tale,” that being, that democratic institutions—civil or military—are infinitely the most despotic. Such an incident would be utterly impossible in the Imperial Army.

The use, however, of scarlet as a uniform seems to suggest a special dress for active service, such as was adopted by the Household Cavalry Camel Corps in the Soudan, composed of a tunic of the colour known as Khākee, first introduced in the North-West frontier of India by the Guide Corps under the present Sir Harry Lumsden (then Lieutenant) and the intrepid Hodson. This colour was afterwards used by all the Indian frontier troops. It was adopted too by the Volunteers almost universally in England at their first formation; but judging by observation of them at the grand review by the Queen in Hyde Park in July, is retained by very few now. It is certainly not effective for parade purposes, but nothing for active service now-a-days can be worse than scarlet.

Altogether the Rebellion, though a source of extraordinary expense to the Dominion Government, was not without its compensations. In the first place, it proved an immense boon to

settlers. The demand for transport was extremely heavy, and this could only be supplied by the farmers. At one time as many as 1,500 teams (3,000 horses) were under requisition at a cost of 10 dollars (£2) per diem each, and rations for men and horses. As some of these were out for six months, they must have reaped a fine harvest. Not a few went from this neighbourhood, but I dissuaded my sons from sending their horses, as I thought it most probable they would lose them, and I deemed it better policy for them to stick to their farm. In this, however, subsequent experience led me to believe I was perhaps mistaken.

For the Government, however, it was by no means money thrown away. It was a mobilization on a scale, as to area, hitherto unattempted. Many of the corps employed came a distance of 2,500 miles, and those from Nova Scotia 3,000. The great national railway (the Canadian Pacific) here at once proved its value, and asserted its efficiency. The campaign, though brief, has given a character and a prestige to the military forces of the Dominion that they certainly never possessed before, and although of course the actual fighting was inconsiderable, the troops undoubtedly developed qualities that are often fully as valuable as mere pluck (for this is the almost invariable attribute of British troops), viz., the courage, the patience, the determination that enables men to bear up against hardships, fatigue and difficulties with enthusiasm and military subordination. These qualities were, I think, conspicuous among the forces engaged under General Middleton. I know something of campaigning myself. Heat is a trial, no doubt, but excessive cold, with the snow, icy, wet, and swampy condition of things that characterises the early spring-time, when these operations were carried on in this country, were not only enough to have discouraged young and wholly unseasoned soldiers such as formed this expedition but to have tested the *morale* of the best troops, and I think they made a record that redounds exceedingly to their credit. A little further experience, and more drilling, would soon have completed their efficiency; and, as an old soldier myself, who has seen no inconsiderable amount of service, I am happy thus to bear my humble testimony to their merits.



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CHAPTER VI.

DURING the period that has elapsed since my sons first commenced farming in Manitoba, great changes have taken place, not only in the circumstances of the country itself, but also in the methods and practice of agriculture generally.

At first *wheat* was regarded as not only the staple product for the farmer to cultivate, but certainly at that time the price given was such as to render it the most profitable. When wheat fetched, as it did, from 80 c. (3s. 4d.) to a dollar (4s.) the bushel, and from 25 to 30 bushels per acre were not unfrequently grown, except a few acres of oats for his own feeding purposes, a farmer had no need to concern himself much about any other grain. A mere 30 acre farm, producing nearly £5 per acre—with no expenses but the cultivation, which the farmer did himself—was a fairly profitable business. But, apart from increased supply, as increasing numbers of producers reduced the price obtained—it was soon discovered that the growing of wheat equal to the high standard of No. 1 hard red Fife—which alone was fit for an export trade, and only, therefore, secured top price—was not to be obtained by the rough-and-ready farming that had hitherto been practised; and, moreover, that the same land could never, over and over again, as had been so confidently asserted, be made to produce marketable wheat, unless it were either well-manured from time to time, or received a frequent summer fallowing. To the former the objection is that the manure in this country is invariably so full of weed seeds—the separator never taking them out of the straw as in England—that this does not answer; and fallowing, by laying idle, every third or fourth year, half the farm, considerably increases the cost of cultivation. This, however, was not all. Although old settlers affirmed that during twenty years' experience they had never before known them, two or three seasons in succession of summer frosts, more or less severe and local, by destroying the wheat crop over large areas, proved so ruinous to farmers as to make them very shy of planting so risky a crop at all.

My sons one season—1885—lost the whole of 100 acres, the

appearance of which was magnificent only the day before, and within ten days of maturity, when a frost cut the whole so badly that after all the labour of harvesting, threshing and marketing, 1s. per bushel was the utmost they could obtain for less than half the crop, while the larger portion was wholly unmarketable at any price. They crushed it for feeding purposes, but, unless mixed with other feeding stuffs, wheat is not thus of much value. The most aggravating feature was, that in order to summer-fallow the same quantity of their own, they had rented this land for the season only, at the high figure of 3 dols. (12s.) per acre, so that their loss was a particularly heavy one.

Like many others they don't care to touch wheat at all now—except just for home use. It cannot be grown profitably at less than 2s. per bushel (50c.), and as even this low figure is not always obtainable except for No. 1.—a standard difficult to meet—they find *Oats* at 1s. per bushel (25c.)—which can be well relied on as an average price—and *Barley* at 1s. 8d. (40c.)—the current figure for malting samples in Winnipeg—are far more remunerative. This latter cereal, however, seems likely soon to receive a much greater development, and its growth to become increasingly profitable. Manitoba barley is obtaining much acceptance in the States, and larger enquiries will probably be made for it for exportation. The sample is usually bright and clean, but wanting in that plumpness which characterises good English malting barley. With a paying demand, however, improved quality will be sure to follow. Although in many respects the soil in this district—neighbourhood of Winnipeg—is excellent for wheat culture, the country around Portage la Prairie, and thence west to Brandon and the fine plains beyond, is pre-eminently *the* wheat growing quarter. There farms are large and near to one another, and there too its growth is much more profitable, as the soil, which is drier, seems less liable to early frosts. Here again evidences appear to point strongly to a demand for this grain also from a quarter till lately but little anticipated. The increase of population in the United States is becoming so great, and so much of the land—from the prodigality with which it was first cropped—has become so exhausted, that it is confidently asserted that before long there

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will be quite a heavy demand for our Manitoba wheat from over the border. This, in view of a diminished price and demand for it in England, consequent on the immense importations from India, is a subject full of hope and encouragement for the farmers here—nor should it be without importance in England. Recent enquiries by experts in India have elicited the opinion that the growth of wheat there too is far from illimitable; indeed it seems already to have attained to within measurable distance of its possible development; and, if this proves to be the case, and Manitoban supplies too are largely diverted to use on this continent, the British agriculturist may yet take heart of grace, and believe, that, for him too, there may be still “a good time coming.” He sorely needs it, but “’tis a long lane that is without a turning.”

Mixed farming is, however, now proving the most remunerative; a little of *many* different lines; *something then* is sure to have a good time.

There is not much profit in *Cattle* by themselves; and yet, judiciously managed, there is a fair return obtainable. As their keep is inexpensive during the summer months, it is not difficult to get a herd; and the steers at two or three years old sell for beef, or, well matched, for draught purposes, though oxen are now much less used than formerly for draught; and their price has accordingly declined. The price of beef too is low, except in the spring; but with management, there is a margin of profit, while a little painstaking to produce a superior article—well-fed beef being very exceptional in the markets—would be adequately repaid. Especially so if the farmer slaughtered his own meat, disposing of it by the quarter to private customers—very practicable for anything choice.

The introduction of creameries has exercised considerable influence on *Dairy Farming*. The more usual plan is for a farmer who keeps a large number of dairy cattle, to set up a creamery. To this many around, who do not keep so many cows, send their milk daily. The milk is extracted, and returned for feeding calves and pigs, and the butter is retained at market price. This arrangement considerably diminishes labour to the farmer who sends the milk, and he get a regular price for his butter in

return, while as it undergoes far less manipulation in the process of manufacture, it is of uniform quality and always commands the best price in the market.

One or two *Cheese Factories* alone have as yet been established in the province, and cheese is therefore very much dearer than it ought to be—nothing under 7½c. per lb., and that of by no means superior quality. This is, however, without doubt improving; but I consider a good opening offers here for further developing this branch of agricultural industry, and one worthy the attention of skilled cheese makers.

Calving Cows in the fall and early spring usually command good prices for the dairies supplying Winnipeg with milk. It often happens that some particular line of produce becomes a drug through over-production. This was recently the case with *Pigs*—there was no money in them. Farmers ceased to breed. The result is that just now pigs are at a wonderful price—and this proves that a steady course of *mixed* farming in the end is sure of success.

The breeding of a good class of *Horses* is, and always will be, productive of profit. Heavy horses fetch high prices. A pair of young sound, heavy draught horses weighing say 1,400lbs. each, will to-day bring £100 and upwards in Winnipeg. There are, however, many risks attending the breeding of this class of animals. My sons have lost several valuable colts when quite young. They are apparently more liable to accidents in this country, very probably from the absence of enclosures or pastures to run in. Although the withdrawal by the Imperial Government of their proposal to establish an agency for remount horses for the British Army in this North-West has greatly discouraged the intention of many to go largely into horse-breeding, there can be little doubt but that the farmer who judiciously and carefully breeds a few good horses will find it a good speculation.

Hay, with only one or two years' exception, has proved a profitable agricultural crop. My sons have made more money out of hay than out of perhaps any one other thing besides. The past two or three years have been dry, and hay, as land gets taken up for settlement, is, and will become increasingly scarce.

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This also largely arises from the immense amount of hay that is every fall destroyed by prairie fires. These have of late, consequent on the droughts, been very bad—*thousands* of tons having been destroyed. That this loss, however, is not inevitable may be inferred from the fact that my sons have never yet lost a pound of hay by these fires, though they stack largely on the prairie, and have no further protection than what common care provides, which is to plough a wide circle around their stacks at fifty yards distance off, and avoid letting this get covered with loose hay, as this would carry the fire, if in the neighbourhood, as surely as a train of gunpowder. With a baling machine they bale all their hay, getting on an average £2 per ton (of 2,000lbs.) for it. With increased railway facilities the baling of hay for export (even to England by Hudson's Bay) may open up a considerable trade. Desirous to have as many irons as possible in the fire, one often helping or demanding another for its further development, my sons have found in such things as a good *threshing machine, crushing mill, machine for baling hay, &c.*, sources of considerable profit. The keep of horses is expensive, unless in constant occupation. They keep large and valuable cattle, and need work out of them accordingly. Threshing mills as yet are chiefly worked by horses (ten to a mill), but steam must at once supersede them, as it works much faster. On one occasion, four years ago now, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company having established some experimental farms at different stations on their line in the North-West, for the purpose of growing and testing cereals, and the quality of the soil, required some means of threshing out their crops. The distance of the nearest was about 800 miles, and there were no separators at all in those parts. The Land Commissioner applied to me on the subject. It was a big job, looking to the journey, and my boys were young; but, desirous that as sons of a soldier they should be equal to an emergent requisition, and do it smartly, I undertook it for them. Two of them at once put the mill on the train and took it to Gleichen, 800 miles off, and by rail daily, from farm to farm, until they had completed threshing the whole ten farms, which they did to the utmost satisfaction of the Commissioner, and then returned home. In addition to enjoying the trip and the change,

which was highly beneficial to them, they travelled about 3,000 miles with their machine, threshed about 7,000 bushels of grain, and were occupied but ten days altogether, which could well have been less but for the inclemency of the weather. Here they had pleasure and profit combined.


The district where they farm, and I am at present residing, is undoubtedly beginning to be appreciated as one of the most desirable localities, all things considered, for farms in this province; and one hears continually of new comers seeking locations here. Primarily it is a good neighbourhood. Near and around us are several families—English and Canadian—that form a society grateful to ourselves and indispensable for young people. Some changes have taken place during the seven years we have resided here, but, on the whole, we have preserved our compactness. In mutual offices of good-will and social fellowship, we endeavour to aid and abet one another in the battle of life; and I am happy to recognize how much our residence here has been helped by the entire good-will of our neighbours. For a long time farms, or land of any kind about here, were without value; but this has of late been steadily rising, and I have very practical reason to know that for such a farm as my sons possess now as high as £3 per acre may readily be obtained, while unimproved land will command £2 an acre. I always foresaw the advantages that, sooner or later, must attach to land so near a city of the size and importance of Winnipeg, and, judging from the history of other cities of the Dominion under similar conditions, that value will ere long very much increase yet. Another great advantage is in the situation, which is extremely picturesque on the banks of a wide river. This alone is an important *desideratum* from the abundant supply of excellent water which is thus provided close to our doors. *Water* often constitutes a grave difficulty for those who are located far from a river. It is not only difficult to reach it by well-boring on account of the depth, but the water when secured is too frequently brackish, or so impregnated with alkali as to be unfit for drinking purposes. Thus it is that *River Lots*, as they are termed, are usually found to be in best demand.



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CHAPTER VII.

 **ON LEAVING** England for Manitoba in the spring of 1880, neither my wife nor myself had any thought of remaining beyond two or three years at the utmost. After these had expired, almost every season we made our preparations for our return home. Something always, however, occurred to postpone it. Finally, we were left no option—business matters there, involving, unfortunately, very serious pecuniary loss made it imperative, that, unless that loss was to be made an entire one, we must return at once. So on Sunday, 29th May, we had all our arrangements complete for a start by the train leaving Winnipeg for the East at 6 p.m. This was incumbent on us, to catch the steamer at Montreal, by which our passages had been secured across the Atlantic.

It is not often, indeed 'tis extremely seldom, that we get a wet day in Manitoba, and the past two years had given us little rain at all. The summer of 1886 had been a decided drought, and the snowfall of the winter was very deficient. We had had just a few welcome showers during the month, always so acceptable at the close of seed time. This Sunday, however, began in rain, and continued so throughout; the very elements seemed engaged either to celebrate or oppose our departure. Certainly, the rain was most grateful for the country, and most valuable when it came. For a short while, after an early dinner, and before we started (for we were bound to face it) the weather cleared, and indulged our hopes of a dry drive; but, no sooner were we "all aboard," and off, than down it poured again with redoubled force. The roads were in the usual condition they are wont to present in this country under heavy rain, simply indescribable in their tenacity; but, with a pair of good horses, we pushed along, though wet and very cold, for the wind changed to the north as we neared Winnipeg, and blew both cold and frosty, although a few days only before we had been gasping under a south wind, with the thermometer at 100 deg. in the shade! Such is often the variation in the temperature in these latitudes. We found few comforts at the Railway Station; no fire, nor any means of drying, or even warming ourselves.

The change of weather had been as sudden as it was unseasonable. We spent, therefore, rather a miserable half-hour until the train drew up, and we could settle snugly in our Pullman car berths, when, bidding adieux to the few friends who had kindly come to bid us *bon voyage*, we, under the warmth of a stove the car porter had thoughtfully lit, were soon ourselves again. So long a period had elapsed since last we had travelled by rail, that to which we had previously been so thoroughly habituated, appeared quite strange to us. Pullman Cars, however, are luxuries of quite modern date; though we had had some experience of them on the journey upwards, but like everything else in these days of progress they have undergone much improvement, until—I am far from attempting to limit them—they seem incapable of much further development for those who travel at all. All went smoothly as a marriage bell during the night, and about noon we reached Port Arthur, thus completing the first, or Western division of the journey; and here, too, most of our fellow-passengers left for the Lake routes, being esteemed, during the summer season, more agreeable. The car was nearly full when we left Winnipeg, but our party was now reduced to a lady and gentlemen and two little boys from Brandon, who subsequently accompanied us to Liverpool, two ladies from the Fleet at Vancouver, British Columbia, and a Catholic Priest; so that we had abundance of room and every comfort. From the smoking-room in the car—which with our small company we made into a drawing-room—in the tail of the train, having large wide windows facing three sides, we obtained a full and comprehensive view of the country, unattainable in any other part of the train. We could, from this, follow the whole course of our journey, which, though somewhat monotonous from constant succession of a similar class of scenery, presented, for the most part, features of considerable picturesqueness, wood, rock and water alternating continuously. And here I would pay a just tribute to that wonderful illustration of syndicate enterprise, and constructive energy, the Canadian Pacific Railway, with which I was now for the first time brought into personal experience. I had been prepared to see a good, strong substantial line of road, suitable for the necessities of a young and still quite

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undeveloped country, to be hereafter, as time allowed completed as to its details. This, considering the unprecedented rapidity with which so long a line of railway was built, and the extremely difficult nature of the country through which the Western Division runs, was certainly all that reasonably could have been expected. But I was fairly astounded to find the permanent way as complete as if the road had been in use a dozen years. It was thoroughly well ballasted with good yellow gravel throughout, and as one looked back on the windings of the line through many a picturesque peep of woodland, and of fine and handsome foliage, and over many a neat trestle bridge—excluding the rails—one might have conceived one's self passing rapidly down the gravelled roadway of some lordly demesne, or park in the Mother Country. Such peeps were not only grateful to the eye, but refreshing to the spirits, and highly agreeable from every point of view, and I am sure the future tourist—no less than the settler—will not fail to be pleased with this, as of many other features, of this wonderful trans-continental railway.

The dining car attached to these trains is essentially an element of the greatest convenience, and a most acceptable addition to the comforts of travel. Somewhat about 8 a.m. daily it is attached to the train, and detached again about same hour in the evening. Its presence is known by the welcome announcement of the *Maitre d'hotel*, or Steward, passing through the cars, with "*Breakfast in the dining car.*" These meals are really admirably served, and deserving of the fullest commendation. Everything is good—there is no unnecessary profusion—but, under the circumstances, nothing seems wanting for the most exacting. I append a bill of fare of meals. Breakfast, eight; lunch, twelve; dinner, six. It will be seen they are equal to that of many of the best restaurants, while the service is superior to most. I especially noted the excellence of the tea served, because, as most people who travel are aware, this is often inferior. The tariff of 3s. per meal is a little open to exception for lunch, but as this is more or less optional (without any exercise, three meals are not always desirable) it is easily adjusted, the dinner anywise being very full value.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. DINING CAR.

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BREAKFAST.**FRUITS.**

Oatmeal Porridge and Cream.

English Breakfast Tea—Oolong Tea.

Coffee—Chocolate.

Vienna Bread—Brown Bread.

Dry Toast—Buttered Toast—Cream Toast.

FISH.

Fried Lake Trout.

Sirloin and Tender Loin Steaks.

Plain, with Mushrooms and Tomato Sauce.

Sugar-cured Ham—Extra Breakfast Bacon.

Lamb Chops.

Eggs and Omelettes.

LUNCH.**DINNER.****SOUP.**

Macaroni.

FISH.

Boiled Trout—Cream Sauce.

Boiled Leg of Mutton and Caper Sauce—Boiled Ham.

Roast Beef—Roast Lamb and Mint Sauce.

Roast Turkey—Cranberry Sauce.

ENTRÉES.

Sauté of Kidney—Compote of Pigeon.

Boiled and Mashed Potatoes.

Stewed Tomatoes—Mashed Turnips and Carrots—Green Corn.

SALAD.

Celery—Beets.

Water Biscuits—Stilton Cheese.

PASTRY.

Rice Pudding—Cranberry Pie—Apple Pie—Compote of Pears.

Green Tea—Black Tea—Chocolate—Coffee.

Oranges—Pears—Apples—Nuts—Raisins.

*Wines, Spirits, Ales, Cigars, &c., as per List.***ALL MEALS 75 CENTS—(3s.)**

Between Fort Arthur and Heron Bay, where the line skirts Lake Superior, there are many strikingly picturesque views; but, unfortunately, these for the most part were passed during the

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night. It was not, however, until the afternoon of the second day that we reached any place (other than Port Arthur) deserving the name of a town. This was Sudbury, where a short stay was made, and where we observed some good buildings, but all, for the most part, connected with the railway. North Bay, which we reached towards evening, is a junction of considerable importance, and a position that some day has a future before it. Situate on the very shores of Lake Nipissing, it seems at once to be the very site for a charming watering-place, and I could not but reflect that such a position in the Old Country would long ago have been appropriated, and become a fashionable resort. Who can tell what this site may yet develop?

On Wednesday at 5 a.m. we reached Ottawa. All the night we had been passing through a fine farming country, but this we lost. Ottawa is the centre of an immense lumber trade, and is the seat of the Dominion Government, made apparent by its fine Parliament Houses that greet the eye, among many other excellent buildings—chiefly brick—both public and private. From the expanse of water apparently surrounding the city, I conceived it to possess a very humid climate, but am told this is not so; being early in the season, the river had not subsided from the thawing out of the winter snow.

From this point to Montreal is a continuous succession of fine farms, seen to much advantage at this period of the year. We made Montreal with fair punctuality at about 9 a.m., leaving plenty of time to look about, had weather permitted: but here again rain beset us, for it was a soaking wet day—a circumstance of considerable satisfaction to the people, as it was greatly needed—but it proved unfortunate for us, as it kept up a continuous downpour from almost the moment of our arrival until, at about 6 p.m., we went on board the Allan Liner "Circassian," on which our passages had been engaged. Although it was too wet to get about much in Montreal, I was impressed with a considerable amount of progress visible since we were last there. In fact the roads and footways, then so very bad, are now so generally paved that except for the abounding French element there is little to distinguish it from a busy English city. On the other hand, it might be viewed

as a thriving French town, but for the unmistakeable business air of its British population. There can be no doubt, however, that, as the first city of Canada, and enjoying over Toronto the very superlative advantage of being practically a sea-port, Montreal has not done that justice to the Dominion, that, looking to contemporary cities in the adjacent States, might have been expected. I fear the cause is not far to seek. Toronto, with very inferior opportunities, will, it may be predicted, yet take the commercial lead among Canadian cities. The banks of the St. Lawrence, as we rather leisurely passed down them, starting at daylight, formed a very pretty landscape, but with no very particular features beyond Church spires, that were numerous, and are almost always picturesque. We reached Quebec, and made fast for the night to a quay, just as it was dark, forbidding going ashore, the more as it was blowing a stiff breeze, and was not a fine night. We were away again at dawn, delighted to be at last fairly started for *home*, the magnetic attraction of which name is proverbial, and still exercises a potent charm on most of the native-born children of the Fatherland. We had a pleasant and lively company on board our steamer, and, under the able guidance of Lieut. Barrett, R.N.R., a genial and skilful commander, we made a very good passage. Our fellow-passengers were mostly Canadians, and original settlers, visiting England—some for the first time, and with members of their families; but many, also, after a number of previous visits. It is extraordinary how, with many from lower Canada—and also, I assume, from the Eastern States of America—this voyage across the Atlantic is viewed but as if it were a mere ferry! One meets with parties who have crossed thirty, forty and fifty times—chiefly thus among the commercial classes—but, even among farmers, it is no uncommon thing to find those who have revisited the scenes of their youth three and four times over. With us, on this occasion, was a worthy elderly gentleman, his wife, and three daughters, going over for a summer trip, and to show the latter something of the world. He emigrated from Wiltshire thirty years ago—had originally learnt the trade of a wheelwright, but had been substantially a *farmer* in Ontario; and,

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beginning as a mere settler with no resources, was now the owner of three valuable fruit and stock farms of his own; had set out a large family in life, sons and daughters, several of whom were married themselves. He had himself been backwards and forwards two or three times before, and was, now that his daughters had finished their education, affording them that best of all education—travel. His was merely a typical case, and a very good illustration of what success may attend men, originally of but small beginnings, by industry, in our colonies. One elderly gentleman in our company was upwards of 80 years of age; he was coming over with his son, and going to return. It is very usual now, I am told, for well-to-do families in Ontario to send daughters to finish their education in the Mother Country. It is alleged, however, to be a course not altogether satisfactory in its results, as it tends to unfit such young ladies for the domestic duties of life, which are often of a more decided character in Canada than at home. I can only, however, say, as the result of my own observation, that I consider ladies from the old country usually prove as wives, or under any other circumstances out here, fully as efficient as those native-born. Not many incidents worth recording occurred during the voyage; but as we met, or saw, not another sail until sighting the coast of Ireland, I may mention the eccentric performance of a skipper and his craft that constituted him a sort of maritime acrobat. A large steamer carrying a load of cattle, many being on deck, started in company from the mouth of the St. Lawrence. For two or three days she kept close to us, never being out of sight. On the third day, in the afternoon, she amused us by repeatedly crossing and recrossing right athwart our bows, as if to show us her superior speed, which undoubtedly she possessed, for her commander practically taking off his hat and bidding good-day to our skipper very rapidly disappeared altogether from view, and we saw the craft no more. Such a freak, however, was one by no means unaccompanied with danger; any sudden failure of the machinery, very possible in the high rate of speed necessary for such evolutions, would have inevitably involved a serious collision, and such foolhardiness ought to involve penalty. As we

neared our destination a concert was improvised in aid of the funds of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Orphan Society, an institution ever possessing claims on those "who go down to the sea in ships," and on this Line always securing liberal subsidies in this manner. We had several musical spirits on board; the doctor of the ship was himself an excellent pianoforte performer, and fond of stimulating the existing, or latent, talent of others; so that the performance, he as director, presented, was very creditable—while some readings and recitations added much to the programme, and secured a handsome sum. We left Winnipeg on the evening of Sunday, 29th May. On Monday, June 12th, at 8 a.m., we were disembarked by a tender sent down by the owners of the ship the tide not admitting of the "Circassian" coming on for some hours. We had, therefore, been a trifle over fourteen days, including a day and a night spent in Montreal, and a night at Quebec. Our steamer, too, was not, on this occasion, carrying the Mail, and therefore considerably less coal was consumed, and we took longer on the voyage. Under favourable circumstances the journey between Liverpool and Winnipeg may easily be done in twelve days, probably less.

CHAPTER VIII.

BUSINESS of a somewhat critical nature primarily called us home and to London, or assuredly we should hardly have fixed upon a period so close upon the Queen's Jubilee, knowing how difficult it would be to get accommodation in any of the better class of hotels there at this time. We stayed two or three days in one of the suburbs of Liverpool, reached by steamers running every five or ten minutes from stages on the river to a long pier at Egremont. Very pleasant these trips are at this season of the year, and apparently very popular. Here, with some kind friends residing at Liscard, in a good terrace overlooking the busy waters of the Mersey, we were made to forget our two weeks' fatigue of travel, and to enjoy the delicious breezes, and observe the varied

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craft that from morn to eve, laden largely with excursionists, pass up and down this great commercial highway. Among these were very conspicuous two competing lines of steamboats that run a to and fro service to the Isle of Man daily. The speed these boats attain with triple-expansion cylinders to their engines, is extraordinary, exceeding twenty miles an hour, and somewhat hazardous too, considering the foggy, or at least very hazy, condition of the atmosphere then prevailing; but competition must, at all risks, assert itself. We left the Central Station Liverpool on June 16th, at 11.30 a.m. by a Midland Railway train for St. Pancras. I have always entertained a preference for this line of railway, not that I conceive it superior to the London and North-Western, which follows the same route, and which perhaps, all things considered, is the finest line of railway in the world; but I have long deemed the Midland to be a line that has a very superior claim on the travelling public, inasmuch as its directors were unquestionably the *first* to recognize what the claims of that public were, and, moreover, that even in the best interests of their shareholders, travel, to be *profitable*, must be cheap, comfortable, and expeditious. Heretofore all companies alike had conceived their interests to lie in a sort of protective policy of a high fare tariff, which excluded the many or restricted them to circumstances of time and personal discomfort, which was practically prohibitive for all who, if not indigent, were not rich enough to indulge frequently in that which *then* cost pounds as well as shillings and pence. About twelve years ago now, the Midland Company announced the withdrawal of second-class carriages from their system altogether, reserving only first and third-class—these latter being practically the old second, at least furnished fully as well—and at the uniform fare rate of one penny per mile, available too by *all* trains. This was certainly a very wonderful reform at the time, and one that has been more or less followed by all railways in the United Kingdom since, not only to the benefit of the public at large, but even much more so to that of shareholders. It has popularised travel to an extent almost as great as the reduction on postage did letter-writing, and would do so even more, if many companies, still unable to see this, did not erect barriers against those to whom *time* is as

important as money. To the Midland system belongs this credit, and I think it merits general recognition. In one of their third-class carriages—as comfortable as could possibly be desired, and with most unexceptionable company—my wife and myself were carried over the 208 miles of our journey in five hours, or at a uniform speed of upwards of forty miles an hour throughout. Nothing impresses one with more wonderment on first arrival in England than the extraordinary precision and safety with which these express trains, running all that distance with but two or three stoppages, fly over the dazzling network of rails that constantly beset them in every direction—and that not once or twice but many times over every day—with scarcely ever a mishap! A most efficient staff of employes of all grades must be maintained to secure this; and one the more regrets to witness serious differences between employers and employed producing strikes such as occurred later on in the season with this very line. Discipline must be maintained, but I am sure railway servants generally, looking to the arduous, and too often hazardous, nature of their duties, will always command very general public sympathy. By the Canadian Pacific Railway we had been brought along wonderfully for so long and so newly-constructed a road. The utmost speed there, however, attained was 600 miles in the twenty-four hours. Here the rate was equivalent to 1,000 miles in the same time. It was often suggested, while I was in England, and more especially after a serious assault, that towards the fall was made on a young lady travelling alone (as it proved by a madman) that the American system of railway carriages should be adopted as giving a free circulation of passengers throughout, and rendering such isolated attacks impossible. It is not understood apparently by these advisers that such a step might readily prove to be a falling into Scylla while wishing to avoid Charybdis! The American system is indispensable for the long journeys, extending to days and even weeks, that travellers have to make on this continent; but it is beset by a very serious danger peculiar to itself. The carriages are evacuated by doors at each end; but—as has too often been so fatally demonstrated in cases of collision—these exits become all immediately closed, and the occupants (many often wholly unhurt

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themselves) are constantly burnt to death through inability to escape the flames that either from lamps or stoves almost invariably, under such circumstances, wrap American railway trains in a vast conflagration. It would be next to impossible too, during the summer months especially in the United Kingdom, with its far denser population, to empty and fill carriages at different stations on arrival of trains with sufficient rapidity—No; “Better to bear the ills we have than fly to others we know not of.” There are advantages and disadvantages in both systems; but from experience of both—excluding Pullman Cars—my verdict is, without a moment’s hesitation, for the English system for England, which, now separate carriages are allotted for ladies travelling by themselves, and by some easier mode of communication with the guard, leaves little to desire. To be assaulted is bad enough certainly, but escape is probable, and nearly always secured. To be burnt to a cinder, however, is an alternative far more terrible to contemplate, and is a fate that unfortunately, even of late, has too often occurred.

We arrived in London only a few days before the grand Jubilee celebration itself. As we anticipated, no accommodation at any of the Hotels—handy to the railway station anyway—was to be obtained. I therefore sent on my wife to Brighton, where her sisters were residing, determined to face the difficulties of quarters alone till this event was well over. At the ubiquitous Spiers and Pond’s at the Victoria Station I obtained some substantial inward refreshment, and then commenced my personal adventures and experiences, extending over a full week; during which memorable time in London miles and miles of streets, for days together, were like a fair, progress only practicable at the slowest pace; and at night-time, to past midnight, equally so, through the numbers viewing the preparations, and, after the event the illuminations which continued night after night for some while. It was altogether a period much to be remembered, and never likely to be forgotten, even by the youngest spectator. When I found the impossibility of obtaining suitable Hotel accommodation, when I arrived, being in the close neighbourhood of the Parks, my first idea was to pay a visit to a friend residing, as I supposed, within a very moderate distance; and having been

sitting all day I was the more disposed for a stroll. Leaving, then, my luggage in the cloak room at Victoria, I started off for my objective, which was Southwick Crescent, Hyde Park. Here I soon discovered that several years' absence from London had put me wholly at fault as to local geography ; and, not realising that the point I wanted was nearly three miles distant, and quite across the park, I was obtaining a certain measure of bliss from my ignorance. Such streams of carriages, two and three abreast, were passing up all the way to Hyde Park Corner, that I had little thought of my own business. This the more that, just coming off a voyage, and a long land journey from where we had already been in full experience of several weeks of unusually hot summer, I was not only thoroughly bronzed as to complexion, but wearing, besides, a long and far more flowing beard than is usually seen in England, my head, too, surmounted by a sun helmet, encircled by my old time-honoured Indian pugree, I had certainly a strange, and probably somewhat oriental appearance. To this, however, I was compelled, not having yet had time to recruit a wardrobe, that, however suited for a prairie country, was scarcely the thing for the London season. However, extremes often meet, and the worst dressed man is sometimes practically closer allied to the best attired than is usually supposed. It was very soon apparent to myself that if not a "marked man," I was being viewed as a man of *mark*. Many distinguished foreigners were just now arriving in London, and especially at the Victoria Station. I was, therefore, obviously being assumed to be of the number of these eminent personages, and as such became the cynosure of all eyes. Fortunately, I am always equal to facing a crowd with becoming dignity. If I had been doubtful on the subject, however, my surmises were at once verified, when, on enquiring of policemen, and especially of those discerning and discriminating personages—gentlemen's servants—as to my destination, they one and all responded to my interrogations with such profound respect as could alone be evoked by some person of actual, or, as in my case, supposed, distinction. At least, I never subsequently, when far better but less eccentrically attired, obtained anything like similar respect from the same quarters. It is not,

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however, flattering to one's *amour propre* to reflect that this homage was paid not to any personal merits of one's own, but simply to supposed advantages that were altogether unreal. Such however is life.

After what proved a devious and weary journey, I found my friend, who accorded me (wholly unexpected, and at the unreasonable hour of 8 p.m. as my visit was) a warm reception; but could, unfortunately, afford me neither advice nor assistance as to finding quarters in that neighbourhood. Having in by-gone years, when residing in the West of England, usually stayed, when on a visit to Town, at the Great Western Royal Hotel, Paddington, I hied me there, but *still* without success. Here however, I got referred to a very respectable private hotel, near at hand, to which they usually sent their supernumerary visitors, and here, too, at past nine p.m. I was only too glad to find shelter, though it was certainly at a somewhat giddy altitude; a circumstance I had however no occasion subsequently to regret, for, in point of fact, it proved a very great advantage. The weather at this period was extremely hot, and I enjoyed here a coolness and a quietude that I never could have obtained nearer the basement story.

CHAPTER IX.

JUNE 21st, marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Proclamation of Queen Victoria as Sovereign of Great Britain, was the day appointed for commemorating Her Jubilee.

The morning opened bright, warm and auspiciously in the highest degree. From before 6 a.m. parties were already taking up their seats all along the line of route from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey. Although, up to the previous evening, I had heard of no seats offering at a less price than three guineas*—on this morning they were obtainable for not many more shillings. For a considerable time prior to its

* In many localities they were much higher. It was stated that no less than £2,000 had been paid for the frontage of a single house.

advent, expectation and suspense for some signs of the procession, were at fever height. The excitement was prodigious, and when, at the appointed moment, the great gates of the palace opened, the scarlet liveries appeared, and the trumpets were heard, the prolonged shout of "It comes" was taken up so simultaneously by myriads of voices, that description is baffled to give any adequate conception of a scene so remarkable. It was one of surpassing interest, and of extraordinary enthusiasm. The air was filled with the bewildering acclamations of unnumbered thousands of every class and degree, as the procession advanced, and slowly made its way up Constitution Hill towards Hyde Park Corner and gateway, where, in an excellent position, I obtained a view of the whole proceedings.

First came a detachment of Life Guards, followed by the Headquarters Staff of the Army. After them—in three open carriages—the Royal Princesses of England, obtaining much acceptance. Then the grand display of Royal Princes—three abreast—fit bodyguard for such an occasion, with that fine and commanding figure, the Crown Prince of Germany, with his marshal's bâton—so worthily won—and white Cuirassier uniform, a model of a Prince and of a man, whose present sad and precarious condition invests the whole pageant with a melancholy retrospect, as it may prove to be the last public spectacle in which this so promising a personage may ever appear. The Prince of Wales on a chesnut charger; the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught, with other princes of the family were *de suite*.

Then Her Majesty the Queen—the centre of all attraction—with the Princess of Wales and Crown Princess of Germany, in the historic carriage with its six cream-coloured horses, led by the accustomed State grooms. Her Majesty looked radiant, and bowed benignly. With the Queen, in close attendance, was the Commander-in-Chief and detachments of Life Guards, and, as part of her escort, that specially interesting spectacle, the detachment of thirteen native officers of the Army of India, representatives of a class of soldiery of that Empire, I know by personal experience—all of them of the northern tribes—to be so martial in all their instincts, and essentially different—as light from darkness—in aspirations and bearing, from those natives of Bengal

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who, from their wholly civilian character, and dabbings in politics, I find so generally and erroneously, supposed to represent *the people of India*. These "people" were, indeed, fairly represented on this occasion by Princes and Chiefs of that Empire, whose appearance then, and at all times when they appeared in public, elicited the utmost admiration and delight, by that profuse adornment of diamonds, pearl and gold, that has always such an intense fascination over the popular mind. To have seen *them*, however, in all the highest scenic attraction of this auspicious event one needed to have been of the favoured spectators in Westminster Abbey, where a ceremonial, unequalled on any previous occasion for pomp and magnificence, was afforded. But in this I was unable to share. In fact no one person could possibly have been an eye-witness of all the interesting portions of the whole of this altogether unique Jubilee spectacle. Wherever the Queen passed—going or returning—there could be no possible question as to the place she occupies in the affections of the great masses of her people, for the noise of her progress, through their cheering and acclamations, was like the roar of Niagara itself! One unfortunate *contretemps*, as far as the procession went, alone marred its perfect success. This was the fall from his horse of the Marquis of Lorne (our ex-Governor-General) without, however, happily any greater injury to himself than the escape of his ungallant charger, and the necessity imposed on him of arriving at his place in the Abbey by another route. It was, however, a most unfortunate incident, and one at which his lordship must have experienced the keenest annoyance. After the ceremony at the Abbey—which was all most fully described by the various newspapers at the time—the Queen returned by Parliament-street, Trafalgar-square, Pall Mall and St. James's-street to Buckingham Palace, highly delighted no doubt with such an enthusiastic reception, but naturally not a little fatigued. The vast host of sightseers now spread themselves over the various streets in the route the procession had taken, admiring the decorations, which were, in many parts, really bewildering by their profusion. This was especially the case in St. James's-street, Regent-street, and above all in Waterloo-place to the Guards' Crimean Memorial. These and

many of the other thoroughfares, that had all been gravelled for the occasion, were densely crowded, yet, for all that, the people were universally orderly, and well-conducted, never needing the interference of the police, except to regulate the traffic, and keep the crossings free—in which work their labours were at once arduous and unremitting—but, as a rule, discharged with wonderful patience and good temper. Speaking to one of them on this duty one day, he remarked, "This Jubilee, sir, is a fine thing for the country, only we want one every two or three years." This he said with a view to the commercial aspect of the affair; but, talking further, and referring to the grumblings that were being made by *some* against Her Majesty for her alleged private accumulations, he said with much warmth: "There, sir, I believe the Queen is a good old soul, and anxious to do all the good she can"—a homely, but withal a thoroughly honest, expression of his loyalty to her throne and person, of one of H.M.'s humblest servants.

There was about this period, and for a long time after, a great deal of prejudice created against this exceedingly fine body of men—the Metropolitan Police. I think it was most unreasonable and unjust. Of course, there are always, in a city of the magnitude of London, large numbers of persons of more classes than one, that delight in *self-willedness* and object to be interfered with; but, speaking from experience during a visit that altogether occupied several weeks, in which not only had I unusual opportunities for general observation, but, from going about many parts of London of which I had no previous knowledge, I had constant occasion to apply to the police for direction and guidance, and I certainly found them uniformly courteous, obliging, and even respectful in the highest degree. No doubt, in this last particular, they do vary with reference to *locality*. In the West End, and neighbourhood of the Clubs, and more or less of the atmosphere of the "Upper Ten," although not discourteous, I found them less mannerly than in less aristocratic districts. This is only natural. Occasionally a constable oversteps his duty—and is, perhaps wrong-headed about it into the bargain—for assuredly it was *this* element that gave such point to, and provoked so

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much indignation of a certain kind, in that memorable episode known as the "Cass case," which occurred while I was in town, and residing not very distant from the place of business—Southampton Row—of the two prominent parties in it, Madame Bowman and Miss Cass. No impartial person, on a review of all the evidence, could doubt for one moment that the Constable Endacott was honestly mistaken as to the identity of the young woman he arrested; and, had he been a man of sense, he would, after such conclusive evidence, have frankly admitted his mistake. Instead of which, at the sacrifice of his own personal character, that was freely overhauled by the defence—to his disadvantage—he still stuck to his charges, occasioning heavy expenses all round, with the result that, after a long interval, that which all must have foreseen, occurred: the constable was acquitted of the charge of perjury brought against him by Miss Cass, and in the end there was satisfaction for no one! A policeman's office in London is no sinecure. In many parts of the Metropolis and its suburbs, a constable, if he be a zealous man, often carries his life in his hands among the many desperadoes and ruffians that abound. It seems, therefore, especially cruel for any occupying positions of influence to speak in a way derogatory to the police as a body of public servants discharging such responsible duties. An American gentleman, who had been residing seven years in the West End of London, recently told me he was utterly astonished at the "tameness of the police." "In London," said he, "you have fully 15,000 constables to keep order; whereas, in New York, there are not many more hundreds." "I once saw," he added, "at the Earl's Court Station (Buffalo Bill's Wild West) a fellow, who had been very unruly, get into a railway carriage, and on a policeman remonstrating with him on his conduct, he deliberately spat in his face. The constable called his sergeant, and the man was abusive to him also, but nothing was done." "In New York," said he, "every policeman carries a long, heavy staff, and a revolver, and had such a scene occurred there, I guess that fellow had found it lively." The moral is that the English police, instead of exceeding their duty, are far too patient, and do not inspire

sufficient dread of their power; and hence so many more are required to keep down the rowdies—a view I commend to English taxpayers, especially in London, for this forbearance, as recent events have been demonstrating, is going to occasion very serious consequences.

The illuminations at night were on the grandest scale. These were not confined, as the procession had been, to specially favoured districts, but were general all over London, in character and effectiveness naturally regulated by the general wealth of the district; those in the East End being of course very inferior to those in the wealthy portions of the West End; though illuminations were not wanting anywhere. Except, however, in the case of such elaborate designs as those of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in Piccadilly, of the clubs, and other public buildings, or of wealthy private individuals, it were both invidious and impossible to particularize, for the whole was so general, and, in many localities, not confined to the Jubilee night, but continued for two or three successive nights, so that it must have proved quite a high time for the gas companies and their shareholders. Notwithstanding that on this particular occasion public houses were permitted to be open to 2 a.m., there was really very little inebriety, and no serious misconduct; this the various police-courts attested; nothing in any way to mar the extremely successful character of the whole Jubilee season in London.

In Hyde Park, on the day following, there was a great *fête* for school children on a grand scale; and a very pretty sight it was. Nor less at the different railway stations, where, in the early part of the day, as I witnessed myself, numbers of schools kept arriving by trains to take part in the jubilation, and the ready way in which they fell in, and moved off in martial array, and by word of command, much interested me. Her Majesty herself, in the afternoon, visited the scene, which, surrounded over a vast area by Venetian poles, and a profuse display of bunting—presented a spectacle animated and picturesque in the extreme.

For several days after this, Her Majesty's guests—the Royalties, and other distinguished personages who had come

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to be present at the Jubilee ceremonial, and especially the Indian Princes—were centres of immense attraction wherever they appeared. There were reports, circulated in the public journals, that some of these Oriental magnates were dissatisfied with the treatment they had received; but I could never trace it to any authoritative source. There was a little grumbling on the part of that high and mighty potentate in his own dominions, the Maharajah Holkar of Indore, whose liver probably got a little deranged by the heat in London, of which he complained; but, as a rule, the Indian aristocracy, as I know myself, are far too well-bred to act in such a way; possessing, in an eminent degree, all the characteristics—outwardly, anyways—of polished gentlemen.

With such unprecedented numbers of distinguished guests to arrange for, it was simply impossible to please everyone; and this was readily understood by most of them.

CHAPTER X.

LONDON, at this festive period, containing so many visitors, numerous special attractions were prepared with the usual view of drawing crowds and making money. The foremost rank among such entertainments was unquestionably popularly assigned to "Buffalo Bill," and his famous "Wild West Show," which, indeed, figured as the leading feature—and it undoubtedly very successfully discharged that function—of the American Exhibition. This, however, itself—occupying as it did much the larger portion of the extensive enclosure at Earl's Court, Brompton—was, to the more intelligent portion of its visitors, by far the truest, and highest source of interest. Here were displayed numberless evidences of the wonderful resources, ingenuity, and dexterity of our American cousins; and few arts or manufactures, from lollipops to locomotives, were left unillustrated; while toboggans, and switchback railways, drew crowds of eager candidates for the exciting gratification of a rush down, or a swish to and fro, by these singular automatic conveyances, not always, how-

ever, without some rather serious mishaps. They received, too, quite an enhancement of prestige and popularity from the patronage accorded them by the Princess of Wales and her daughters, who heartily entered into the fun. The grounds were very prettily and tastily adorned, amidst radiant flowers and the greenest turf, with that class of houses so characteristic of America, made wholly of wood, capable of being rapidly taken to pieces and reconstructed in portions, yet providing full internal accommodation, and withal replete with every suitable accessory of artistic decoration. This branch of American industry—and not exclusively in wood, but in straw fibres also—was numerously and very effectively exhibited. Nor was that equally—probably supremely—national feature, the subtle compounding of “drinks” for thirsty souls—so entirely susceptible of appreciation during this hot and dry period—in any way neglected. On the contrary, it received here such an excessive development as must have made it appear to many to represent the *ne plus ultra* of Western civilisation. “Bar,” “bar,” “bar,” met the eye almost every few yards as one entered the grounds and especially so in that portion of them appropriated by Colonel Cody’s Wild West, with his camp of retainers, of cowboys, and Indians. So that I could not help thinking how aghast that redoubtable champion of Local Option, the eccentric Sir Wilfrid Lawson, must have been if he visited these reprobate scenes, to observe the obvious disdain here set upon his principles! The thing was certainly, from any reasonable point of view, entirely overdone. Of the “Buffalo Bill” exhibit itself it is not needful to go into any elaborate detail, further than to say that it was a gigantic scheme (looking to its transportation and production at so remote a distance from its origin) to make money on the eminently American principle—initiated by the world-famed Barnum—of a big show, and that it has proved in every way a big success. The “Colonel” had evidently taken the measure of the British appetite for these things pretty accurately; and though, to those like ourselves, who have seen something of Western American life with Indians, cowboys and buffaloes (by their hides in coats and robes anyway) on their native prairies, the programme was nothing very wonderful; yet, to the average Britisher, it proved, without question, an

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immense attraction, and was a decided "hit;" the place being crowded at performances day and night, and, spite the attendant expenses, which must have been enormous, there can be no doubt "Buffalo Bill" has made it quite unnecessary for the rest of his natural and eventful life (if he takes ordinary care of his gains) to have again to scalp Indians, or track buffaloes on their native wilds. It has been a big job every way, and has achieved well-merited success. A recent American newspaper asserts Colonel Cody's gains to amount to the enormous figure of 800,000 dollars, or roughly £160,000; not so bad for one season, *if true*. It is astonishing how singularly fascinating that wild, lawless kind of life of a "Cowboy" seems to prove to so many young and adventurous spirits of good education and connections. There must be scores of such on the Western prairies alike of Canada and of the States at the present time. A "return" of these, if obtainable, giving particulars as to age, education, birthplace, parentage, &c., would be a highly interesting and instructive document. I have known some myself—worthy indeed of better things, and capable of them too—who have nevertheless deliberately chosen this wandering life, and I apprehend it is the *ultima thule* of half the young fellows, who, without any definite purpose or qualification, come out here, year by year, to this Canadian North-West, after having generally first made some show of what they call "farming," and found it "no go." I am afraid, too, from what I have heard and read, not a few of them leave their bones there (the Prairies), the victims of untimely, if not violent deaths; but the life of excitement this indicates is probably the key to its attractiveness.

What interested me at the show most was the obvious provincial gullibility of the assembled spectators, among whom well-trained attendants kept up a continuous traffic in what they termed "Genuine *American* Iced Cream Candies"—"a delicacy that no gentleman or lady ought to go without tasting—this pure *American* Iced Cream Candy." And in these things the purveyors seemed to do a roaring trade; while, as to the condiment itself, there was nothing "iced" about it, as was most obvious, and for the rest, perhaps its only American element was the superlative Yankee 'cuteness of the device by which so good a stroke of business was so easily secured.

Colonel Cody himself realized personally that which so often excites such disparaging comments in the United States, that a successful Showman, if he can but sufficiently assert himself, will, among our highest English society, become a far greater Lion than if he had been the most successful worker in any of the higher walks of life! In this, however, he is only on a footing with his predecessors, Jung Bahadoor, Cetewayo, and other sable heroes, who have before monopolized such extravagant favour in high quarters during the London season, especially among distinguished ladies. As a man of undoubted personal prowess, whose career has been of an exceedingly romantic character, or even as a "Colonel" (for what that is worth in America) in the United States Army, Colonel Cody is unquestionably entitled to a certain amount of distinction. But it does seem incongruous, at a time when the British Upper House is being so unmercifully judged for the occasional capers of some of its less worthy members, to find a representative of *that* chamber—a "Senator" of a country which by not a few is supposed to have attained to something like the perfection of representative Parliamentary Institutions—posing as an exponent of *Western freedom and lawlessness!*

I must not omit allusion to the attack of the *soi disant* United States Mail, as this formed a very prominent feature in the "Wild West" programme, and even the Prince of Wales himself did not disdain to participate in this act, taking a drive in the coach round the arena; but with conspicuous loyalty *he* was not allowed to be attacked. The coach itself was a miserable shatter-a-dan sort of vehicle, drawn by four mules, and may very probably be a counterpart of the veritable "Mail" itself in the far West, but otherwise it was in no way remarkable. The buck-jumping ponies, however, were a reality, and caused very special excitement on one or two occasions, as some of them were regular demons in their way, and demanded genuine powers of horsemanship to deal with them. Here, however, a countryman scored a decided success for his native land. Observing the intractability of one of the most obstreperous of the herd, he somewhat innocently proposed to try his own skill. This offer was most readily, and, indeed, greedily,

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accepted by the surrounding group of cowboys, who no doubt counted confidently on the rustic's speedy discomfiture; but he proved equal to the occasion, and to be no novice in the art of rough-riding, but clung undaunted to the refractory beast throughout all his habitual methods of dismounting his rider, till finally, riding the "varmint" round the arena quiet and subdued as a donkey, he fairly "brought down the house" in plaudits of the spectators, and to the really appreciative acclamations of the cowboys themselves, who gave the young fellow a thoroughly "conquering hero" reception on his dismounting. It was certainly in its way a genuine national triumph. There were very persistent attempts made in the Law Courts during the season to put down this Exhibition; or, at least, to restrain the use of firearms in their performances, by some of the residents in the neighbourhood, who alleged that they suffered serious annoyance from the constant discharges of these weapons. But, as this was indispensable to the effective rendering of most of their representations, I think most Englishmen must have been gratified that these efforts were not successful; as it would have been almost a national misfortune could it have been truly asserted in America that a decree of "disallowance" had been enacted against their champion. Something of an annoyance these things may well have proved; but something also was due to the international amenities involved, and fortunately the latter was ultimately maintained.

CHAPTER XI.



ANOTHER highly popular attraction of the season in London at this time was the Grand Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, which I visited one evening, and found densely crowded. I was glad to be thus again brought in touch with services among which so much of my earlier life was passed, and from which nothing but shattered health, the outcome of much hard service, had ever divorced me. It would have proved, therefore, a treat

had nothing more offered than an opportunity of examining the guns, horses, and equipments generally of the several detachments of artillery and cavalry there assembled, for these alone were perfect, and embraced horse and field batteries of artillery, household, heavy and light cavalry, Royal Engineer train, &c. But the programme of the entertainment included varied exhibitions of soldierly skill, such as the slicing of lemons suspended by a string by troopers with swords at speed; mounted sword and lance combats; lance *versus* bayonet, *i.e.*, horseman *versus* footman, &c., &c. In this latter competition, the horseman almost invariably defeats the footman, he having a natural dread of the horse, to which his duties do not habituate him; but, if the bayonet be wielded by a horseman, used to it, the result is usually the reverse. In these exercises, I also observed two or three troopers of yeomanry-cavalry taking part with considerable credit, which was a feature of a very gratifying character, as indicating efficiency in this branch of the Auxiliary Forces of the United Kingdom. The revolutions of the Horse Artillery around the arena, manœuvring with a single gun (an eight-pounder, I think) at various speeds, through narrow spaces defined by markers, with unerring precision, was only in keeping with the invariably superlative excellence of this always fine arm of the service. Nor was a similar performance by a field-battery gun any way inferior: and there can be no dispute of the proposition, that, whatever differences of opinion may exist as to other arms, no nation can produce successful competition with the Field Artillery of the British Imperial Army. The misfortune, however, consists in its being so limited in amount; and the ordered reduction, while I was in England, of six Batteries of the Horse Artillery, has created quite a consternation among those concerned for the due efficiency of all the country's defences by sea and land. No doubt the maintenance of many Batteries of the Horse Artillery is a very heavy expense to the nation; and the high state of perfection to which the Field Batteries have been brought, at considerably less cost, has some justification for the step; but this seems altogether insufficient at a crisis like the present, when so many

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of the nations of Europe are, as it were, "armed to the teeth." This view may be deemed tolerably impartial on my part, inasmuch as, belonging to the latter arm myself, and acting many years ago with a Battery of Horse Artillery and some Regiments of Cavalry, we took our full share, in the Spring of 1849, in that famous forced march under Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert, after the retreating Afghans, when the Seikhs had finally laid down their arms at Rawul Pindu in the Punjab (India.) Marching from noon one day to 4 p.m. on the following, with only half-an-hour's halt (having already made a march the same morning before we started), we arrived just in time to pepper the enemy, as the last of them, having crossed, destroyed the bridge of boats over the River Indus, at Attock, leaving us helpless to pursue any further, even had we been able; but, of this, the spectacle of horses and men alike recumbent on the bare ground from sheer fatigue, was perhaps adverse. It proved, however, the full competency of Field Batteries on occasion to operate with Cavalry in such duties equally well as Horse Artillery; but, of course, for really rapid service, they are not equipped; and this is not their primary function. Rapidity of movement seems, however, to be the very key to all successful military operations in the present day; hence the order under reference appears the more extraordinary.

The jumping by hussars and lancers in twos, with swords and lances in full marching order, was popular no doubt, and, to stirring music and applause, entertaining enough; but to the true soldier or horseman, it must have appeared as *ce n'est pas la guerre*. Scarcely one cleared the improvised fences, and a real obstacle would have brought most of the competitors badly to the ground. To ride horses, however, at the speed they did at any obstacles at all but broad or water jumps, is, I think, contrary to all accepted rules of good horsemanship. I could not but be forcibly reminded by the spectacle of a jumping incident by cavalry in actual war, that once came under my own observation, and the issue of which (disaster) seemed to be too probably only what any such riding would result in on any field of battle. On the 22nd November, 1848, with my own and other batteries of artillery

and cavalry, we were engaged in a reconnaissance in force on the Sikh position, during the second Seikh War, at Ramnuggur, in the Punjab. We found them posted across the river Chenāb, about 1,500 yards off, and were shelling them, when suddenly a body of the enemy appeared on our left flank on rising ground, only about 1,000 yards apparently intervening. It seemed an admirable opportunity for the 14th Light Dragoons, who were on our immediate right. Colonel William Havelock (brother of the Hero of Lucknow), as gallant a horseman as ever drew sabre, and an old Peninsula officer, was commanding that fine regiment, so immortalised by Lever in his inimitable "Charles O'Malley," and, as we ceased firing to allow them to pass across our front, I distinctly heard him exclaim, "Follow me, 14th," as first at a trot, and then at score, they broke into a charge only to encounter what was really an ambushade! During the flood season of the year the river had formed a small arm or nullah, with a steep, overhanging bank, which could not be seen till the dragoons had just reached it, when they were compelled to jump. In this, unhappily, many fine fellows fell, and were sabred or shot by a force in concealment under the bank. Here Brigadier-General Cureton, commanding the cavalry (a fine old 16th Lancer officer) poor Havelock himself, and several of his officers, met their deaths, and many of the men. But, worst of all, the occurrence exercised such an injurious influence on a young and previously unseasoned regiment, that I always maintained it fully accounted for that serious panic into which the same regiment fell only a few weeks afterwards on the bloody field of Chillianwallah, where, through some misapprehension of the word of command given, on ground where no regular cavalry in line ought ever to have been taken, they beat a most precipitate retreat, not much to their own loss certainly, but terribly so to that of the gallant gunners of Major Christie's battery of Horse Artillery, whose men, letting the Dragoons pass through their intervals, were themselves sabred and lanced by the enemy in pursuit, and among them my poor friend Major Christie himself was one of the first to fall! It was a sad occurrence, and created an immense amount of prejudice against the regiment at the time—a feeling that singularly enough was adopted with intense

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ascerbity by the *women* of the Artillery, who had lost, so many of them, their husbands, in the affair. Yet panics at times will occur among the very best of troops, as was evidenced during the Peninsular War under Lord Wellington. The regiment, however, subsequently, and specially during the Mutiny period, amply retrieved the slur thus momentarily cast upon its previous fair fame; a slur felt so keenly by some of its officers that poor Colonel King (who was commanding the regiment at the time, but was in no way otherwise responsible for the catastrophe) found it to weigh so heavily on his mind that, some months afterwards, it drove him to commit suicide!

By far the most interesting part of the programme, however, was the Musical Ride of the Life Guards, in which about thirty men, apparently, took part. This was really a fine exhibition of what men and horses may be made to perform under training as soldiers. One sincerely pitied, however, both men and horses; for the performance—which, if not actually a quadrille in all its figures, was of that nature in parts of it—lasted a considerable time, and the heat was quite oppressive. When I contemplated those fine stalwart horsemen in cuirasses, thick leather breeches, and high boots, with accoutrements besides, and the poor horses, all of them well—if not thorough) bred and thus apparently slight—for blood alone, could carry not less than 19 stone (nearly 2½ cwt.!)—one could not do otherwise than feel for them in such a prolonged performance in such sweltering heat. The public, however, are usually very insatiable customers, and it was necessary, in order to fulfil the programme, to spin out the entertainment to half-past ten. But I thought myself if the whole had been condensed into an hour less time it would really have proved far more satisfactory to all reasonable parties concerned.

CHAPTER XII.

THE meetings of the Four-in-Hand Club draw always, during the London season, appreciative gatherings of admiring spectators, and there are few prettier spectacles. We were fortunate enough one afternoon to be in the nick of time

on the Mall in St. James's Park to see them pass, some eighteen in number. The Prince and Princess of Wales had gone down to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and the Club had organised for a summer's evening drive there, and to escort them home. Some of the teams were really magnificent, either of whole colours, as greys, chesnuts, browns or bays—and this uniformity naturally enhancing the pleasing effect—while others again were more or less mixed as to colour, but all alike presented a faultless *tout ensemble* of splendid horses, perfect and bright trappings and harness, and smart grooms, while supremely did the gaily-attired and personable ladies who graced the outside seats of the manifold coloured coaches, add to the general effect, causing the whole to embody a *coup d'œil* of singular attractiveness, and such as alone could be witnessed in the parks of London. I am not fortunate enough to remember the names of the distinguished owners. Lord Charles Beresford, I know was one, he seemingly as much at home on the box of a drag, as on the deck of a battle ship.

The Review by the Queen at Buckingham Palace of the Volunteers, some 20,000 in number, was another of the lions of the Jubilee celebrations. It took place on Saturday, 18th June—Waterloo day—and was a feature certainly second to none among the events of that period. The whole of St. James's Park was put under quarantine, as it were, by the parade, as the gates being all closed, parties in the park at the time, as I happened to be, were made close prisoners, or at least so it appeared; but, after trying the gates all round, I did at length find one small exit in the neighbourhood of the Duke of York's column, by which I effected my escape from a durance which though it might not have extended over a couple of hours, was none the less very inconvenient for those, who, like myself, had engagements to keep within that time. Not only all the Metropolitan corps, but many of the regiments from the country also, took part in the Review, and among others of them I was particularly interested in the corps of the Eton boys, which formed up on the Mall in the Park, close to Marlborough House. There was something quite unmistakeable about these young military aspirants that stamped them at once as a *corps d'élite*—a

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certain liteness, and a somewhat characteristic description of smartness, beyond, I think, what would be found in other corps wherein there must necessarily be greater variations of age among the members. The "Artists" corps was another interesting regiment, composed, not, as I supposed, of men more or less directly engaged in the use of the pencil or of the brush; but of members of all professions or arts, and having as their Colonel-Commandant an eminent architect. This corps, too, would probably be deemed of the *élite*, to the extent at least of the fact that all alike must have attained to a superior standard of education. But, which is perhaps common to some few other Metropolitan regiments, as the Inns of Court, this corps, however, I was not fortunate enough specially to notice. To enumerate *all*, however, would be impossible. Scarlet, blue, grey or brown, but especially green, were, in uniforms, all fully represented, this last colour being, in my opinion, much the least effective; and it also tends to accentuate want of size in the men—chest size especially—and to make them look physically inferior, which perhaps in corps, composed so largely of urban mechanics, may be the case. I formed this view however, it is fair to state, before seeing some of the French Regiments of the Line, which I confess appeared to considerable disadvantage by the comparison, to the extent, I should judge, of fully seven pounds per man on an average of weight, perhaps a stone. Scarlet uniforms seemed unquestionably to have increased in numbers among the Volunteers, while the colour of Khâkee, so generally adopted at the outset, and I think still retained by the "Artists," and some others in this Review, has apparently correspondingly declined in favour with them.

So densely crowded were all the approaches and surroundings about Buckingham Palace Gate where a stand had been erected for the Queen, that no attempt to obtain a sight of the actual march past itself was at all practicable, though I climbed to the highest rod of the Park railings close to the spot. London (*i.e.*, the West End) was so overflowing at this time with sightseers, that, wherever Royalty, or in fact any person of distinction, appeared, became instantly a focus of assembly too dense for any but those prepared to combat for the possession of any *coigne d'avantage*

with all the vigour at their disposal, a competition in which I had myself no mind to engage; and therefore probably I saw much less than a younger man might have done during the same period. The Parks themselves, their radiant flowers and shrubs, luxuriant and well-kept turf, with their fountains, lakes, and ponds, all beautified by the highest accessories of horticultural skill and toil, and not unfrequently affording special types of individual interest in men, women, or children; these things, after seven years' expatriation on, or near, the sparsely-peopled prairies of the great North-West, were to me sources of infinitely more real gratification during this hot but genial season for out-door recreation than any amount of merely urban attractions could prove. Among interesting spectacles in Hyde Park there is none that supplies greater enjoyment than what is known as "The Ride." Probably, never in any period of its existence was this favourite avenue so crowded with equestrians of both sexes as at this particular time. They might have been numbered by thousands of an evening from five to seven o'clock, and an exceedingly pretty sight it was. I was disposed—perhaps being somewhat of a veteran, and with a conservative feeling in these matters—to take exception to the present mode of ladies' riding habits, which, however suitable for the hunting field and its pursuits, in which so many in these progressive days enthusiastically engage, is certainly lacking in graceful appearance; a lady, especially if of short stature, looking awkwardly of a heap on the top of a high horse from the near side, which a little extra length of skirt, for these parade purposes at least, would assuredly obviate. Among the feminine equestrians two or three groups of mere children figured to great advantage on ponies of various sizes, on which they scampered about as much at home and at ease as the fabled centaurs of old may have been. Fearless, venturesome, and even aggressive, they seemed to be qualifying *con amore* as the champion horse-women of the "Ride" of the future. One sees here, perhaps, the best amateur riders of both sexes in the world, and the finest horses; but the present fashion of short docked tails, reverting to the custom of fifty years ago, is extremely ugly, and a sad disfigurement of a noble beast.

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The Cavalry Regulation length of six inches from the hock gives a far better appearance, except when one occasionally sees one of those old-time favourites of mine, a genuine *Arab*, to take a hair from whose full flowing mane or tail would be a crime. I was not able to get down to Aldershot to witness the Review of the Regulars in Artillery, Cavalry and Infantry of the Line by the Queen, before her distinguished Royal and other guests of the Jubilee at this same period. I think about 15,000 troops were paraded there for this purpose. It was very clear that could I have got there, it would have been a frightful infliction of heat and dust, and this it abundantly proved to all concerned; still one could have faced this, however disagreeable, to have witnessed so imposing a scene. Unfortunately not this alone, but the Grand Naval Review by the Queen at Spithead—another Jubilee sight—and the finest naval display ever made by any nation, evidencing, in a very practical manner, England's superior fighting power on her own especial element—where, happily, she seems still to be irresistible—constituted two sights I have ever since regretted I was unable to witness.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE I was in London, both prior and subsequently to Jubilee Day, abundant and unusually favourable opportunities were afforded me to observe not only the preparations and the decorations of this festival, but also many interesting features of the social life of this more than wonderful city; and these I endeavoured to improve.

The first thing that struck me, as leaving Victoria Railway Station I strolled up Grosvenor Place towards Hyde Park, was the wonderful array of carriages and horses; and, being always a horseman, I had here abundant field for admiration. Not only do the horses and equipages of private individuals, however, present splendid specimens of this noble quadruped, but nowhere in the world can be seen anything comparable with the London Hansom cabs, both as to the horses and their equip-

ments generally; while the numbers of them amount to many thousands. On one Sunday afternoon—that previous to the Jubilee—walking between Hyde Park Corner and Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly—a distance little exceeding half-a-mile—I counted no less than two hundred of these cabs going to and fro, and all with fares; and this might have been repeated in many of the other main thoroughfares in the same district. It was certainly a high time for these cabs, and for public conveyances generally. The property in Hansom cabs has been so far ennobled (?) and made fashionable by the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, either personally, or as head of a company, has deemed it not unbecoming the dignity of his order to be proprietor of a very large number of these West End conveyances, all of which are signalized by the coronet. I know, myself, a young fellow of good family and education, who had the misfortune to inherit £1,000 on coming of age—just the very time when the possession of money is usually most hurtful to a young man having his career to make in life—and as calamities rarely come singly—he had the further misfortune to not only have engaged himself to a penniless young lady at this time, but also to have married her. I happen to know these facts from his having been in correspondence with me as to coming to Manitoba—to which, under certain well-understood conditions, I heartily advised him; but, when I was informed he proposed to marry and bring his wife, I instantly protested against this arrangement, more in the lady's interests, than even his own. It is conceivable that such a step with *some* might succeed. I did not consider his to be such a case; but I would advise no young English lady, as a rule, to commence business as a wife out here *until* her future husband had first secured her a *home*. However, *revenons à nos moutons*. When in London, I enquired as to this young gentleman's career, and found he had invested his money in six hansom cabs and twelve horses, and was doing a good business. No doubt he was. At *that* period he could scarcely fail of this; but, I confess, if I live to ask the same question ten years hence, I cannot take a very hopeful view of the prospects of that so hastily-married couple. Let us hope I may be mistaken.

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I often thought while in London that a young fellow of good address, and pleasant manners, might really do a fine thing; (if nothing better offered, and I am told that there are numbers of young ex-officers of the army, and other "ne'er-do-wells" of corresponding social position originally, similarly employed; that is, as drivers of hansom cabs) by running a well-appointed cab, and laying himself out especially for *ladies*. Such a man, if sober, would, I am sure, soon command a good business. Unfortunately, if, from success on these lines, he might wish to extend his operations, he would probably find it sorely difficult to find another driver to represent him. Lord Wolseley's recent eulogium on them notwithstanding (it is not given to the public generally to be members of the "Upper Ten," or to be well-known eminent personages as is his Lordship), Cab drivers generally are exacting, and rarely content with their legal fares. Pay them as you may, they usually profess to be underpaid, although I invariably overpay in order to prevent disputes. But they know their policy succeeds with *many* too frequently to eschew it; so they continue to pursue it. In this, however, London cabmen are by no means exceptional; it is the policy of the profession all the world over, as far as my experience goes.

The means of getting about in the Metropolis are now so numerous and inexpensive, one wonders so many cabs can pay at all. Omnibuses, tram-cars (though in London these are strictly confined to the suburbs), underground railways, and river steamers, make locomotion cheaper than anywhere else in the wide world. Noting the fine condition generally of the omnibus horses, and specially of those of the London General Omnibus Company, I one day in the City engaged a conductor in conversation on the subject. He informed me eleven horses are employed on each omnibus, the odd number being to enable one horse of the complement to rest every day of the week. The distance covered by each pair daily is about twelve miles. I enquired then as to the average duration in time of the labour of these horses—"Lor, sir," he replied, "I can't tell you that; some of these horses have been running on these many years past." At any rate, though this was rather vague, I elicited that regular work, and good keep, is very far from making

London omnibuses as destructive to horseflesh as is usually supposed to be the case. The result of observation leads me to the conclusion that the cabs and cab horses of London are by far (looking to their numbers) the best in the world; while to Liverpool must be conceded the palm for draught horses, and their harness. This latter is a speciality there promoted by yearly prizes given every 1st of May for superior excellence in horses and equipments. In that city, around and about the numerous and far-reaching docks, the effect of these stimulants appears to much advantage; and it is a plan worthy of extension, as promoting a wholesome and profitable rivalry among men having charge of valuable property.

London is always a remarkable city, and something more than that. If it does not so strike the resident or frequent visitor, it can never fail to so impress those who visit it for the first time, or even after an interval of several years, as was my own case. A city of upwards of five millions of inhabitants—a population as large as the whole of Canada!—and the largest by twofold, and more, of any city on the habitable globe, may well be deemed a wonder. But she is adding every year to her population an aggregate increase of about 70,000 souls—the population itself of a large city—and this increase will be maintained with arithmetical progression, until the question must be faced—What is to be the end of it? Not only, too, is its wealth increasing enormously—*this* is not of itself productive of much inconvenience—but as rapidly, or more so, is its *poverty* increasing also, and *this* is unquestionably an evil of the first magnitude; one that must inevitably create, and that before long, a crisis, if not anticipated, of an appalling character. Of this already premonitory symptoms are not wanting; yet the subject, it must be confessed, is one of great complexity. Emigration is here altogether beside the mark. No colony wants paupers to augment its population. Among some of the unemployed no doubt a few useful mechanics capable with altogether a fresh start of making their way in life once more, may be found; but it cannot be disputed that the great bulk of those who are destitute belong to a class that have not within themselves the elements of success, no matter what opportunities offered; and, moreover, when men

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once become pauperized they become also most usually hopelessly demoralized, and I fear seldom capable of being anywhere in the future other than more or less a permanent dead weight on society. Yet unquestionably these men have a right to live. It is not for a country of the wealth of England, and under the existing highly artificial conditions of its human society—the outcome of this nineteenth century's advanced civilisation—to pronounce a practical decree of *væ victis* on the destitute. These people are down—too often very much, if not entirely, by their own faults, moral or physical—but they have claims still as fellow-men, and I confess I entertain no sympathy for the doctrines of political economy, of *laissez faire*, or of any other mere theories that ignore the common dictates of humanity. The inherent difficulty of dealing with the question in London obviously arises from the vastness of the problem, and the always imminent danger of giving the least encouragement to that ever-increasing evil of centralisation, which causes the indigents everywhere to tend to London as the last resort for all seeking employment. Then, again, the least experience soon convinces those who inquire that the people in most urgent need—and those also who are the most deserving of help—are *not* the ones that usually meet the eye. Those are they who suffer in silence, and without all that parade of their misery which unfortunately is so successful a part of the stock-in-trade of many in a place like London, who are not only not really in need, but not infrequently, on the contrary, in comparatively affluent circumstances. There is a superabundance of wealth in the metropolis, and I think also it cannot be questioned that there is not only a willingness, but an absolute desire on the part of the wealthy generally to contribute, and that very liberally, to any scheme that would assuredly be efficacious to the end in view. What is that scheme to be? It seems to be one eminently demanding the exercise of the highest efforts of enlightened statesmanship; and it struck me—as the result of personal observation—to be a subject infinitely more pressing, as a domestic question, than anything now under legislative consideration. It is certain, men able and willing to work, will not always patiently continue to starve. The *non possumus* style of answer to applications for Governmental interference to provide

public work during the winter season, is dangerous to public tranquillity. Prevention is always better than cure. Statesmanship will anticipate, and thus avert a crisis, that, from the abounding, and increasing pauperism of England's large cities—far more striking to outsiders than to those always more or less in contact with it—is before long, inevitable; and it is moreover a scandal to our nineteenth century civilisation.

With views—in measure, and as yet without that later observation, I was then unpossessed of—similar to the above, I was particularly interested to see, by personal experience, what the demeanour of the unemployed, the necessitous, and the anarchists would be during a period specially devoted to the indulgence of luxury, wealthy display and enjoyment by the well-to-do portions of society. I expected to find the parks, especially on the Sunday afternoons, thronged with socialists and other malcontents inveighing against the possessors of wealth and the indulgence of luxury, and preaching a gospel of violence and plunder against society generally. But, I confess, I was altogether, at this particular period, most agreeably disappointed. The masses everywhere were conspicuously orderly and good-humoured in the highest degree; not a crowd gathered anywhere, nor was a lecturer of any kind to be seen. It is, however, to be borne in mind that summer time is not the season of the year when these classes are demonstrative. They were enjoying themselves now to the full. One readily recognised them lounging about the parks, monopolising frequently the public seats to the exclusion of more decent people, or stretched here, there and everywhere full length asleep on the grass, under all circumstances indicating that not work, but idleness was the most agreeable to them. Occasionally, while sitting about myself in the parks I would be joined by very decently-attired and apparently respectable people, who, making a text of the prevailing jubulations would digress into an attempted tirade against Her Majesty the Queen. On this, however, I immediately checked their disloyal ebullitions of seditious language by first declining to listen to it, and then, by appealing to their estimate of their own selves—as men of sense—if it did not seem to them supremely ridiculous, in the face of the homage being

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so universally paid in every direction by their fellow-citizens to the august Lady ruling over these realms, for an insignificant number of nonentities like themselves to revile her person, and contemptuously designate her as "that old woman"—this being their usual style of refrain. I pointed out to them, too, that England being a constitutional country, and the Queen always acting only on the advice of her ministers, and, therefore, personally incapable of doing wrong, upon *them* should be visited their strictures if *they* have failed to point out to her the claims their class have on the bounty of her private purse—(*that* they deemed to be in a decided condition of plethora); and as Mr. Gladstone—who was generally known as the "the People's William"—had been in office so many years of late, if he had failed in his duty in this particular, on him, and him alone, should they visit their wrath, and not on the Queen, who had ever evinced a ready desire to assist all deserving claims brought under her notice. On the whole, I found them fairly amenable to reason, though they wearied me too frequently with the praises of Bobby Burns, Charles Bradlaugh, and others, whose titles to admiration were, they said, that of being "no sycophants," which, to their minds, ninety-nine out of every hundred Parliamentary representatives undoubtedly were, without any reference to party! The above at any rate forms a fair summary of interviews with several individuals at different times, who, if not anarchists, were undoubtedly socialists, and the difference between the two is not, I think, sufficiently pronounced for practical purposes. It is in *winter*, however, that the real season of their discontent arrives. It begins about October. Before I left England, towards the end of this month, I had observed alike in London, Manchester and Liverpool—but supremely in the former city—that this question of pauperism, poverty and want of employment, was a social evil of the greatest gravity; and I have good reason for knowing that it attracts the attention of a large number of visitors from this continent to an extraordinary degree, and is deemed by them to be one pregnant with the most serious consequences.

CHAPTER XIV.

I COULD not forbear, while in London, paying a visit to that staunch friend of Emigration, the Revd. A. Styleman Herring, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, and Chairman of the Emigration Society of Great Britain. He had, in the summer of 1883, called on me *à chez moi* here in Manitoba to offer his congratulations on the little volume I had recently published on the country, which he was kind enough cordially to commend, and to employ as a text book. I was pleased to be able to congratulate him on a great improvement in his looks since we had met, which he explained by stating that, on the former occasion, he was decidedly out of health. I passed a very agreeable hour or two with him, and his equally genial wife, and joined them in afternoon tea.

We talked much on emigration generally, and of matters connected with Manitoba and the North-West, and of that which is really most closely connected with them; the pressing question of the density of the population of our large cities, particularly of London, and the distress arising from the want of employment for such numbers. As Vicar of a populous, and by no means a wealthy district, as a whole, he was a very competent party with whom to discuss the subject. Referring to the difficulty of reaching cases of real distress, and yet the perfect readiness of many having means to contribute funds for those who were willing to act as responsible almoners, he instanced the case of a lady of considerable independent property, but who, nevertheless, had no fixed residence, and lived almost entirely at hotels, constantly moving about from place to place, and really spending but a fraction of her income. She had informed Mr. Herring—who, if I remember rightly, was one of her trustees—that, belonging to no particular parish herself, she would treat his district as her own, and to him she made from time to time very liberal donations to this end, and to the great advantage of his people; but the amount so disbursed was, after all, but a flea-bite in proportion to her resources, which still kept accumulating. Another case, he gave, as illustrating the tendency of a habit once acquired—

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probably from stern necessity in the first instance—to hoard money, becoming ineradicable in later life, however altered the conditions, was that of a gentleman residing somewhere in the outskirts of the city, where he had a fine property, with extensive gardens and grounds, giving occupation to a number of gardeners and other helpers, who, on every Saturday evening, when the hands were paid their wages, presented himself likewise at the table and received his wage as either of the others—which probably he retained for personal expenses. However, it shows how a propensity to hoard becomes habitual; and that, contrary to the usually accepted notions on the subject, the spendthrifts really benefit society at large, and the working part of the community especially, far more than the class who accumulate and hoard their money. Extravagant expenditure becomes culpable, as it may, or may not, indicate individual selfishness. The free outlay of money on luxuries is a real boon; and instead of being denounced by the masses who inveigh against it as a crime against society, should be hailed as the life of trade. What do the bulk of our exports consist of but articles more or less of the nature of luxuries? If all alike adopted a system of austere simplicity of dress and living, what would become of our manufactories and our working people? It may be said the money thus saved should be expended in charity; but this would simply, and inevitably, in practice, mean wholesale demoralization.

An amusing incident is told of one of the Rothschilds. A socialist was inveighing to him against the injustice of the possession of wealth such as his, while so many like himself were without means. The millionaire at once drew forth pen and ink, and replied, "Well, 'tis a simple question. How much say you I am worth?" The man replied so much. "And how many say you are in London in the same condition as yourself?" So many. "Very good; 'tis only a question in arithmetic, showing you to be entitled to the sum of *f* *urpence* from me. Here" (putting his hand into his pocket) "take it, and may you be satisfied." After all, it is seldom realized that the increasing poverty and distress is only the inevitable outcome of our progressive civilization, and is as much a character of the Victorian

era as any of its higher and more advantageous indications. The lately deceased and famous jockey, Fordham, caused it—some-what eccentrically—to be inscribed on his coffin—" 'Tis the pace that kills ;" but this is a truism as applicable, and far more so, to the race of life than to that of the Turf. The speed, and what is more telling still, *the difficulties of the struggle* for existence, have, within the past fifty years, been enormously augmented ; and the pressure of this competition is increasing every year. If, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to deny, the rich are not getting richer (the vast fortunes of millions, half, and quarter millions, on which probate duty is now so commonly paid, while only a few years ago a "millionaire" was regarded certainly as as great a rarity as the Seven Wonders of the World, is rather adverse to this proposition) assuredly the poor are getting poorer. The annual *increase of pauperism* in London alone seems to be 5,500, but this is but a small proportion of the numbers who are the subjects of abject poverty, though not the objects of poor-law relief. The altogether Utopian theories of Socialism can never do anything beyond excessively aggravating a condition of things susceptible at the best only of mitigation ; for *this* certainly is not impracticable, but an object demanding effort, the more that the problem is always the most urgent in the centres of the most wealth. Our Colonies provide an abundant opening for the agricultural working classes, for whom—within limits of age and able-bodiedness—there is practically an unlimited demand—at least for the next few years.

At the Wolverhampton Church Congress, which took place in the fall while I was in England, these and kindred subjects, very suitably obtained discussion. Mr. Champion (a man who I believe was at one time an officer of the same branch of the Service as myself, and whose mathematical education, if so, should have taught him sounder reasoning than to take such a position) was received as the champion or exponent of Socialist doctrines. Practically, I think the Congress was right in giving him a *locus standi* there ; but on any other ground I cannot consider a distinct opponent of the "powers that be"—a public instigator of resistance to lawful authority—a promulgator of principles subversive of order and

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the very bases of society should be officially recognized by any body representing *Christian* doctrine and ethics. His theories crystallized amount to this. The upper classes have been tried in government, and they have been found wanting. The middle classes have obtained the same result. It is now the turn for the people (*i.e.*, the lowest classes of the people), and *they* are to show, by a system peculiar to themselves—but repulsive, even in theory, to commonsense—that they can produce an Arcadia! Unfortunately, all experience has attested that the principles of those Mr. Champion represents, when brought into practice, are opposed to all conditions of order and of public tranquillity. “Peaceably if we can—forcibly if we must,” the doctrines of Socialism as enunciated by Herr Most, confirm this; but more—the revolution in France, 1782; the short reign of the Commune in Paris, 1871, and every occasion when these classes have obtained the upper hand, have been invariably seasons of the exercise of the vilest passions of which human nature is capable, and of deeds tending to make the area of their influence nothing but a pandemonium. What has been proved before is morally certain to be proved again, *viz.*, that *power* in the possession of those by education and association unused to it, is but despotism of the cruellest character.

In my earliest days it was my privilege to observe the administration of the Government of India as exercised by Governors-General or Viceroys nominated by the East India Company, but appointed by the Crown. That administration embraced the terms of office of Lords Hardinge and Dalhousie, representatives of the two rival political parties in the State; yet both alike men of the first standing, as high-minded and conscientious administrators—the latter perhaps the most competent of all Governors-General of India. The character of the Government was essentially that of a *paternal despotism*. The Viceroy was, as to all administrative details, practically supreme, but he was assisted by a Council, by Governors and Lieut.-Governors, Commissioners and others of subsidiary functions, all of whom were men alike by birth, education, selection, and association, of the highest character, suitability and capacity for the discharge of their duties, and, as a body, such as the world had never before, and

probably never will again, see the equal of. It would be difficult to devise a system of government better adapted to the wants of mankind than these men administered. Every measure was dictated and carried out in the interests of the people governed. An ardent desire to exercise power conscientiously, and to act righteously and justly animated all alike, and this proposition is no way invalidated by the annexations of provinces and of territory made by both of the above noblemen, these having been forced upon them, and carried out with the utmost reluctance, in the interests very largely of the annexed, and usually much oppressed, peoples themselves; a fact that has been abundantly verified since. Having seen and observed the working of self-governing institutions in the Colonies, with all their extravagant machinery, and, far too frequently, personal and self-seeking objects, I can well bring the two essentially different systems into comparison, and judge them, not on the score of sentiment, but of *absolute efficiency*; and the difference is wide indeed. A system of government that has produced men—and they but types of scores of others at the same and other periods, all animated by similarly exalted principles of action—like the Lawrences, Thomason, Durand, Montgomery, Outram, Herbert, Edwardes, Nicholson, (these three latter soldiers, but politically employed, as was also Sir Henry Lawrence) Reynell, Taylor and very many others too numerous to recite—may assuredly be reckoned to have been at least as good as any that human nature can devise. Yet, at the present day we see, amidst the very scene of their labours, an unreasoning demand to set aside this admirable system in favour of self-government by men, who, even if they possessed their other qualifications (which assuredly they do not) would be still destitute of that high Christian principle which was the foundation as it was always the animating influence, which guided these eminent men in the conscientious discharge of their responsible duties. Verily, nothing satisfies human nature! It is forgotten that all government is imperfect; but under adequate safeguards, when it is directed by those whose circumstances place them the furthest, humanly speaking, above the influences of temptations to abuse it, there it will be the best that can be under the existing conditions of life.

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All parties connected with the American Continent, must feel interested in that fine monument of philanthropic benevolence, the "Peabody Buildings," or Homes for the Working Classes, erected according to the directions of his munificent bequest, by the Trustees of that late eminent American citizen, Mr. Peabody. It is surely a *monumentum ære perennius*, whether as to its objects or to the structure itself. I ascertained, with much satisfaction, that it is one of the healthiest and best regulated model dwelling houses in London, and contains no less than 228 tenements. It is situated in Farringdon Road, and the only objection I took to it was that it was so closely hemmed in, but this, in the very heart of the Metropolis, is unavoidable.

CHAPTER XV.

HAD it not been necessitated by business of an important character, nothing would have induced me to remain in London during the summer season; indeed, life would for me be hardly worth living at all were I compelled to reside there always, so repugnant to my tastes are the din and bustle of a crowded city. Happily for the necessities of human nature we don't all see alike in these matters. So soon, therefore, as I possibly could I pined to get away to literal "fresh fields and pastures new," and especially to—that almost unique characteristic of old England—the singing of the birds. I had told my Canadian friends before leaving that (sentimentally) the object of my visit to the Old Country was for the express purpose of once again hearing the Cuckoo. Alas! though I arrived before the middle of June, neither the Cuckoo, nor, I might say, scarcely any other bird (songster) did I hear during the whole period of my stay. I ascribe this, first, to having arrived subsequently to the commencement of the breeding season, which is always the true period of song; while the summer evenings after a shower are the time to hear to best advantage those sweet songsters—the thrush and the blackbird—and as there were no showers, and no worms for them to pick out of lawns and

gardens, there were also no melodies. Nor, though visiting at several houses where the nightingale was wont to be heard among the fine umbrageous foliage around, did I ever catch any of its dulcet notes. Indeed altogether I cannot but count it as a personal misfortune that I missed so coveted and long-anticipated a treat.

When at length we were enabled to leave London to enter on a number of country visits to friends who had kindly invited us, it was with no little satisfaction that we commenced. Our first was to the neighbourhood of Ipswich, to a gentleman and his wife, whom we had not previously known, but whose son and daughter-in-law being our near neighbours in Manitoba, were anxious to make our acquaintance, and most kindly caused their welcome to reach us immediately on our arrival at Liverpool. We could not do less, therefore, than give it the precedence in our arrangements, and our reception was but in keeping; for, had we known our friends all our lives, and had the greatest claims on their consideration, they could not have exceeded the considerate kindness and attention that we received during our visit of a week's duration. Persons of means and position, they occupied a fine old manor house about a mile from the town, surrounded by fine and lovely trees, affording the most delightful retreat from the prevailing solar heat, and beneath their grateful shelter we passed many pleasant hours. Rising ground at the back, and within the *enceinte* of the property, afforded fine views over the surrounding country. Our hosts—who are most charitable and active in their benevolence—lay themselves out every way for the good of those around them, having erected a hall, or large building of iron, within the grounds for the free use of any requiring it (non-politically) without any sectarian distinction; and during our stay it was most gratifying to observe how highly schools, clubs, and societies appreciated not only the building (a chief *raison d'être* of which is for ungenial weather), but, supremely, the free use of the grounds and fields every evening, for some one or other of their teas, or periodical celebrations. Such public spirit for good always inspires popularity—which is well-deserved.

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While at Ipswich, I endeavoured to see all that was to be seen. It is an agricultural centre, and an excellent market town, but suffering very palpably from the great depression in this national industry, which is more pronounced in this, and the adjacent Eastern Counties, than in any other parts of England: numbers of farms being untenanted. There are some few industries special to the town, as many large boot and shoe factories, those for horticultural accessories, as greenhouses, conservatories, arbours, garden seats, &c., &c., and some others; but chiefly was the place noted for the once very extensive works of Messrs. Ransome and Sims, the eminent agricultural implement manufacturers, employing at one time as many as 1,500 hands, but these have now been reduced to less than 500. I looked over the works. After American (or Canadian) implements, those made in England do appear so extremely heavy and cumbersome, I could take little interest in them. They say this is imperative, but I confess not to be able to see it. Take horse rakes, to which, being their season, I particularly drew attention. Why should it be necessary over the well-rolled, closed, stone-picked pastures at home, to use heavy all iron rakes, when, on the rough prairies, and in the hasty, careless way such work has to be done out here, they use them with four feet hickory wheels, light iron teeth, and weighing altogether not half what an English pattern does? On representing this view of the subject to the firm, I seemed to them apparently like a dreamer, so I said no more. Well may Yankees say (and Canucks too, possessed of the same go-ahead spirit, but this is not general here yet), "the English people are so slow"; and *this* refers often to the execution of orders, which they take so long to fill. Certain it is, English manufacturers, as a rule, have not yet adapted themselves to the altered, and continually altering, conditions of trade with this Continent, which may be said to be "doing business always in a hurry."

I visited several farms—and very nice and well-ordered one or two that I saw were. Horses, the true Suffolk Punch, almost universally chesnuts in colour, were beauties. I much admired one pair of young mares, and would have well liked, could I have managed it, to have taken them with me to this

country (Manitoba). They weighed fully 1,500 lbs. each at the least, and could have been bought at £25 apiece! Was not this alone enough to discourage a farmer? Not ten years ago, in Devonshire at least, and, without doubt, elsewhere, such animals *at auction* would have fetched £60 each. The Bailiff, who was showing me round, stated that horses were fetching there less than half what they used to. To me it appeared extraordinary that such prices only were obtainable for such perfect breeding stock—just the animals for this country. Pigs, sheep, cattle, all seemed well and methodically managed on the most approved feeding systems. But, on enquiry, I found there was no money in it. If farms on like methods were kept going there was about here *always something behind them* to find the capital; a *paying* shoe-factory, or something of that kind. Ipswich did not strike me as a particularly flourishing town. The shops were good, and the markets on the appointed days were busy, and fairly supplied; but, on other days, things (perhaps coming from London) looked dull and stagnant; yet, in walks around the suburbs—where there are many good detached residences—on enquiry as to the owner of any specially attractive domicile with conservatories and grounds, I frequently found they belonged to, and were occupied by, parties in trade in the town; and, in some instances, in businesses one would least have expected to prove so profitable. There is an excellent Town Hall, very recently erected, and a good Corn Market, where, among other cereals, I observed some specimens of so-called Manitoba wheat, but I confess I should never have recognized them as such.

Our visit concluded we returned to London, spending a few days there again at the Great Western Royal Hotel, Paddington—to me in the past an often-frequented hostelry. It was the very first in London of the modern system of hotels, providing accommodation for guests on an extensive scale, with reading, drawing, smoking, and other apartments *en-suite*, and at one tariff charge *per-diem*. It has been very numerous supplanted in London now by hotels fully twice the size, but it is a large and comfortable establishment still, and enjoys the *prestige* of having the station with which it is connected so

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constantly in use by the Queen and other members of the Royal Family going to, or returning from, Windsor.

While here we paid a visit to Whiteley's, "The Universal Provider," at his extensive establishment at Westbourne Grove, in same parish, Paddington. In this famous emporium visitors are supposed to be able to satisfy almost any known terrestrial necessity. We had anticipated, from what we had heard, a leisurely stroll round the premises of this vast Bazaar, purchasing anything we required according to our own sweet wills; and then some afternoon tea, or ices, as a sort of interlude to our investigations in the department duly allotted to these comforts. Alas! we "reckoned without our host," and were sorely disappointed. From the first we began to be bored, and especially so in the dress department, which ladies will so habitually frequent, and where zealous assistants—eager to obtain a share of our resources—did most persistently assail us, until, in despair, my wife bought a dress—she subsequently found of little use to her; and I felt so annoyed myself at such constant interruptions, the heat, too, being very averse to good humour, that we beat a retreat, and obtained our refreshments at a pastrycook's outside. What a mistake many tradesmen make in importuning people to buy. I always go away under such circumstances, and though sometimes it may catch a customer, it loses, I am persuaded, far more than it gains. Very shortly after this we read in France of the destruction by fire of a very large portion of these premises, including several fatalities, also. Fires seem constantly recurring here, so that insurance companies will no longer undertake the risks. The establishment has again arisen, like the phoenix, from its ashes, and was almost immediately afterwards re-opened in some manner for business. Mr. Whiteley is extremely plucky, this cannot be denied; but it is said the resources of a well-known millionaire are behind him. Be this as it may, although incendiarism has never been proved, there can be little doubt the fires are wilful. It is a very notable feature in retail trade in England now, the tendency there is to a system of centralization similar to that of Whiteley's—of which on so large a scale he has probably been the originator—and of all trades

being collected together under one roof, and under one proprietary. I found it almost universal now in every large city or town in the country. It cannot but be regarded as an exceedingly aggravating symptom in the present depression of trade, and scarcity of employment, in the United Kingdom, seeing that it entirely takes the bread out of the mouths of so many of the smaller traders who have not the capital to successfully compete with would-be monopolists of this kind. It is here that "*crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*"; a very distinctive characteristic of the age, and one full of evil.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM London we now turned westward, and took our journey for Bath, as all who have visited it know, a charming city in every way, but excessively hot at this season of the year, except on those fine healthy downs and hills that surround it on all sides, and which, for picturesque views and hygienic influences, cannot be surpassed in the Kingdom. As the place of my nativity, I derived much benefit myself—having been nearly consumed during three or four weeks of well-nigh tropical weather in London—from revisiting these old-time haunts, during a short sojourn with relatives in the suburbs; but confess, somewhat reluctantly, that neither their salubrious breezes nor the far-famed waters of its splendid baths, which I employed, are comparable in effectiveness with the vitalizing and re-invigorating air of Manitoba. The excellent system of sanitation prevailing, the superiority of its educational establishments, its well-supplied markets, and the economic attractions of the city generally for a place of residence; added to the fact that not being a commercial centre, a society exists congenial for them, makes Bath to be much resorted to by members of the Naval and Military and Indian Civil Services, mostly retired, who are always fully represented in this "Queen City" of the West. I met several here with whom I had associated in years gone by; and was much gratified, if not to fight our battles over again, at least to exchange recollections

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of persons and scenes which have long since become matters of history.

While here, too, we paid a visit to a relative at Corsham, Wilts, and I was much interested in examining the workings, and observing the process of bringing to the surface of large blocks of the famous freestone for which the neighbourhood of Bath is renowned, the existence of which here was discovered by the construction of the Box Tunnel—one of the longest, if not *the longest* (nearly two miles) in England. This runs directly under my relatives' property, and when the fine beds of stone were first unearthed the working of them was let to contractors at a very inadequate rental on a twenty years' lease. At the expiration of this, however, he found a good business was being done at his expense, and being a man of enterprise, determined to take the matter in hand himself, and he has now developed an extensive trade, much of the stone going to all parts of the world, as the Cape of Good Hope, Calcutta, &c. It is used very largely in ecclesiastical architecture, for dressings, as it carves readily. To make it proof, for these purposes, against the influences of severe frost, that would otherwise be very destructive to it, it has to be seasoned in block by exposure for a winter around the quarry's mouth.

Grain was everywhere at this time, under continuous bright, hot, and most seasonable weather, ready for the harvest, but the labourers were few indeed. Here and there a reaper was at work—oftener a mere hay-mower only—but oftenest by far the old time-honoured sickle, and the process slow to a degree. In fact, agriculture seemed everywhere to have retrograded, as ten years ago, in Devonshire, we always used reapers for grain, and mowers for grass only; and now the former was rarely seen anywhere, and not a single self-binder! I was informed, however, that binders are in use in some parts; but while I was in England on two or three different occasions, I read accounts in the newspapers of outrages by farm hands on labour-saving machinery introduced by farmers, and *this* I presume discourages their use. Excusable, of course, on no grounds could such conduct be; but it is at least explainable by the fact that now, almost in hay and grain harvest alone, has the labourer much chance of suppl-

menting his small and quite inadequate wages, which the farmer himself, from no unwillingness, but from sheer inability, is unable to increase.

At Frome Selwood, in Somersetshire, we passed a week very enjoyably, at a kind friend's, possessing a good house and grounds in the neighbourhood, and here, in daily drives or rides around, we obtained an opportunity of seeing to much advantage, not only a fine farming country—chiefly dairy—but also some of those lordly demesnes that abound, and which are at once the pride, and joy of Old England. Let us take "Longleat," that extensive and beautiful park and residence, with its undulating grounds dotted with fallow deer, splendid old trees, and Lake of Shearwater, the seat of the Marquis of Bath. To how many hundreds year by year does this noble ancestral estate minister the highest enjoyment; where excursionists and picnickers by scores day by day during the summer season wander freely around, bivouac under the shady oaks, or stroll up to the very windows of the house itself (shown also to visitors when the family are absent), all without let or hindrance and without fee! When England shall have cut up all her land into allotments, in furtherance of the pleasing fiction of peasant-farming, or submitted to the rising tide of land confiscation (euphemiously designated "Municipal appropriation")—so acceptable to the unthinking masses at the present time—where are the pleasure-seekers of the future to find similar rational enjoyments? Well has the gifted poetess written of these oldtime historic estates—

"The stately homes of England, how beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees, o'er all the pleasant land!"

There is nothing anywhere comparable with them, and may their shadows never diminish in my day. Very certain I am that none of the children of Greater Britain, our Colonies—to whom they are in legend, if not in memory, always a "beauty and a joy for ever"—would desire anything but their perpetuance. The eldest son of the Marquis, Lord Weymouth, represents Frome in Parliament on Conservative principles, but his (Lord Bath's) influence, as a landlord, is pretty equally divided with his Gladstonian neighbour, the Earl of Cork. It was very

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pleasing to hear how highly Lady Bath was spoken of, even by those of opposite politics, for her genuine charity, and active benevolence towards any in sickness or need. I heard of several cases so laudable, that, if these things—so little uncommon for the most part among the aristocracy of Great Britain—were only more generally known, especially in the large cities which are beyond their influence, much of the ignorant prejudice that exists against the order, would disappear.

One day, about noon, while strolling about the grounds, and enjoying the umbrageous shelter of the stately trees, I observed to my surprise a terrible dust towards the road which skirts the property, and looking through the gates espied a battery of Royal Artillery in full marching order passing down into the town. I confess my emotions just then—having so long been out of harness—to have been something very similar to those an old hunter must experience, when pursuing (as is too often the case, in his later years, some less noble occupation, he suddenly comes upon the once familiar hounds in full cry. However, as a matter of fact, this battery of gunners looked far more like a procession of *millers*, for all but the guns were white as flour itself with dust! They had just completed a twenty mile march from Devizes, *en route* for Dartmoor for the practice season, and very sure am I no troops marching in India could have endured as much. The men were all attired in dark woollen clothing and black helmets; the heat was intense, and they were fairly choked with dust; yet their appearance was smart and workmanlike to a degree, and none of the foregoing trials were permitted for one moment to interfere with the due and precise parking of the guns in the Market-square in a thoroughly soldier-like manner, before the men were dismissed to their quarters.

After lunch, accompanied by a son of our hostess deputed to invite them up to that game I everywhere found so indispensable to the afternoon social life of well-to-do English people at home or abroad—lawn tennis—we went to the “Bath Arms,” the hotel where the officers were quartered, to pay them a visit and to have a chat. The C.O. had himself just returned from India, and from parts most familiar to me, so we were enabled pleasantly to exchange ideas. We agreed that it was extraordinary

the authorities should pursue the course of billeting men and horses, on the march from one end of England to the other, in public houses all over the town during such a season of heat as was prevailing, involving so much extra duty for officers, and withal so injurious for the moral, as well as physical good, of the men, instead, as any private individual moving men, horses or cattle would do, of hiring a field and camping therein. Red tapeism is, however, never very practical, and progressive ideas always enter with reluctance into the official mind, which is usually very conservative in its action, though it may nevertheless be the exponent of a professedly reforming, or radical government.

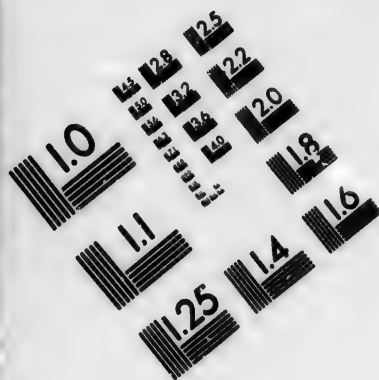
CHAPTER XVII.

FROM Frome we went back to Bath, *via* Bristol, and at the railway station there saw a sight that I think I had never before seen equalled. Bristol has a large junction railway station, which is shared by several different companies, the Great Western, Midland, and others. The down platform was so densely crowded as to make it next to impossible to move. It was the breaking-up time of schools, and the season for tourists. An express from London was nearly an hour and a-half late! It was a Saturday afternoon, and oppressively hot. When the train arrived, it was crowded from "stem to stern," with third-class carriages all containing the most respectable people—clergymen, professional men, and tourists generally—while the two or three first and second-class carriages at the tail end of the train were well nigh vacant. Why should it be otherwise? The third-class carriages were excellent, the travelling express. Why pay extra fares for the name of the thing? Apparently *this* was the sensible view of the question adopted by the many travelling on this occasion. The first and second-class carriages running with the train—vacant, or nearly so—appeared to be a needless wear and tear of rolling stock. It was the South and West of England; but I found in

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the *North* in many parts, especially in mining and manufacturing districts, there exists a special *raison d'être* for them that cannot be ignored. This, however, applies mainly to branch lines of railway, and to short distances; the company by express trains, which are always long journeys—are as a rule select, at least, so I found it. Staying at Bath again for two or three days, I went up into the country adjacent to examine the system of cheese manufacture adopted there, it being wholly a cheese farm—i.e., 60 to 70 cows kept for cheese alone—a milking “meal,” as it is termed, making a single cheese, if I remember rightly, of about 60 lbs. or 1 lb. of cheese per cow. The rearing of calves and pigs constituted a part of the business; but I elicited that consequent on the low prices ruling, there was but the tiniest margin of profit in either. The cheese-maker (not the farmer) told me he had been seriously thinking of going to Manitoba himself, and wished to go still, but his wife was unwilling. This is often the difficulty. Women have rarely the enterprise of men. It admits, perhaps, of very reasonable explanation, but 'tis doubtless a *fact*; and as such an important impediment to emigration by not infrequently otherwise the most suitable people for it. I advised him strongly to go, as no farming industry here offers a better opening at present than that of good cheesemaking, which, even so far as it exists at all, is quite in an infant condition. I found there are special markets held in the West of England for the sale of cheese, occurring monthly; and cheeses, when ripe, are sent there for a wholesale trade by the ton. The price of all farm produce is low everywhere in the United Kingdom. This country (Canada) and the States together, by their untaxed importations, take all the profit out of British agriculture. In theory this of course seems sound policy enough, as keeping the food of the masses of the people cheap; but mere theories are not always a safe rule in the life of a nation. In practice, I think no impartial observer can doubt it is working mischief, even beyond what appears on the surface. In the West of England, and especially in Devonshire, things were not quite so bad as elsewhere, and I ascertained in the latter county the rents of ten years ago are still paid generally, and farmers are fairly holding their own; but with





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only a small margin. Hay and straw, that used to be forbidden fruit to farmers, whose leases made it compulsory to use every particle on the farm, now greatly help his balance sheet, the price of good hay being high, and straw has lately—for paper manufacture, &c.—become quite an important farm produce. I know a farmer near where we resided in Devonshire who still grows nearly 500 acres of wheat every season, the price of which itself would never pay; but the *straw* finds a ready sale, and very advantageously redresses the balance.

On 11th August we made our start for France, having relatives there we wished to see. We went right through to Bearsted, close to Maidstone, in Kent, stopping only a couple of hours in London *en route*, and taking there the London, Chatham and Dover Railway from Victoria Station. The L. C. and D. R. don't find me a passenger by their line again if I know it, until they wake up to some better appreciation of the fact that this is Anno Domini 1888, and *not* 1848, as would naturally be supposed by inspection of the wretched, comfortless, and nasty cages they supply the tourist public with in their so-called third-class carriages. Nothing could be worse. As I maintained at the time, I have sent my horses constantly by better boxes. *Those* were padded, these were utterly devoid of anything; and not a sign of a blind to keep out the scorching sun! Singularly enough the London paper I was reading on the journey contained the half-yearly statement of the affairs of this progressive Corporation, and its dividend to shareholders of 2½ per cent. was just what might be expected from such short-sighted policy! They seem not to be aware of the hundreds of excursionists to and from the Continent, who take the steam boat route from and to London rather than endure the trials of the L. C. and D. R., or of the South-Eastern, which, though decidedly better as to carriages, imposes restrictions as to trains to the great annoyance of all through passengers, and very differently to what almost all the best English railways now do. At Bearsted—quite a small but very pretty village, with its old-time "Green," or play-ground for its younger inhabitants—we found our friend awaiting our arrival. He is a clergyman, who has some of his family out in Manitoba, and was out there himself for a time,

beguiled, I believe, by the attractive description I had given of the country in my "Year in Manitoba." Though only a *locum tenens* at Bearsted, we found him and his wife, occupying a very pleasant Vicarage, close to an old Parish church, which was undergoing considerable restoration, and they extended to us a very cordial reception. The country around was very beautiful, and we realized, in fact, what, though I had frequently been in other parts of Kent before, I seemingly knew only by tradition, that this country is *par excellence* the "Garden of England." This is *literally* true of many parts of it. Hops and fruit are the staple productions, and these are grown in *gardens*. Very beautiful and graceful in appearance these hop vines are; growing up, and hanging over the innumerable high poles that support them. They extend over acre upon acre in every direction in many districts. It is, however, a precarious crop, and, like the grape vine, subject to diseases peculiar to themselves, and when in bloom demanding the constant application of flour of sulphur to prevent mildew. Here, again, competition from other countries, notably Bavaria, has reduced what was once a very flourishing industry, into one that now affords a very indifferent and uncertain return. In these parts, and, as I afterwards observed in most parts of France, fences are mostly dispensed with. I noticed large breadths of standing grain wholly unenclosed; and extensive gardens of currant, plum, cherry and other fruit trees altogether unprotected; and frequently a public footpath running right through the midst of it! Probably what people have in such abundance they do not so much covet.

My friend took me one evening into some remarkably fine wheat and oat plots, where men were hard at work cutting and "stooking" (agricultural language for setting up the sheaves) the waving grain. The sickle, or a variety of it, was here again solely at work; and only two or three hands, although very many acres around were ripe and requiring attention. We found two men—father and son—working together. They took it as "piece work" at a contract price per acre. The son was cutting away—a strong young lusty fellow enough for the work; but the father—poor fellow—though he was by no means a really old man, said he was "ruptured, and rheumatized, and

incapable of doing a good day's work," but bound and "stooked" the sheaves for his son; together, however, they could earn little or nothing over four shillings a day between them, finding themselves, and this at *harvest work*! Verily, the life of an agricultural labourer in England is not attractive; they could certainly do something better than that out here: by plenty to eat and drink, as board, in addition.

There were lovely walks and fine views around this part of the county, including Maidstone—the county town, and a military centre, I think, as well as cavalry dépôt, for which it has long been known, and which we could overlook.

From here we went on early in the morning to Folkestone. After an extraordinary (for England) succession of dry weather, without any rain, though so ardently longed for, we awoke to apparently a thoroughly wet morning; so that our friends proposed sending for a fly; but, as I thought, this was too good to last long, and the distance to the station so trifling, I declined it, and proved right; for the rain soon ceased, but had made everything in nature deliciously fresh. However, when we reached Ashford—a junction where we changed to the South-Eastern Railway—we found it raining again heavily, and had some difficulty with our luggage to catch the train, being most inconveniently at quite the other end of the town. When we reached Folkestone, again there was no sign of rain, nor had there been a drop, the dust was terrible. There are two stations here; one for the town, the other for the steamboat pier. We alighted at the first, and took a cab to the pier, which enabled us to see more of the town. Folkestone has become of recent years quite a fashionable resort, not only as a watering place, but as a very favourite one for residence, as was pretty evident from the crowded state of the streets, and especially of that always constant focus of assembly on departure and arrival of the Packets, the pier. Here, too, on the heights overlooking the town, are the barracks of the Shorncliffe camp. By one of the fine steamers of the South-Eastern Railway Company we crossed over to Boulogne-sur-Mer, doing the distance of twenty-seven miles in one-and-a-half hours. The boat was crowded; and under such pleasant weather as prevailed, it was a most agreeable trip.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE French coast, like the English opposite to it, is steep and high, and as one recedes from the white cliffs of the latter, the bold and uneven outline of the former comes into view; though on a clear day one can be seen from the other.

The Napoléon column on the downland above the town is the first object that greets the eye, approaching Boulogne. The city itself seems to lie in a valley between two spurs of hills that recede from the sea coast.

We landed at the South-Eastern Railway (of England) Pier, which is in touch, by extension of the track thereto, with the Northern Railway of France Station (*Gare du Nord*) distant about a quarter-of-a-mile. Landing was a "run the gauntlet" kind of business, up a number of stone steps—the tide being low—then through a cordon of hungry and most importunate porters, attempting to wrest every hand bag or parcel to secure their employment; but they are steadfastly to be resisted. The cordon was further flanked by *Gens-d'Armes*, keeping all straight, and without chance of escape, to the inevitable Custom House. Here we followed the general course of resigning our keys to a *Commisionnaire* of the office, who got all the baggage passed; and, by giving him our address, it was presently delivered within reasonable time, and at a moderate charge. Freed of the cares of luggage, we started at once to find our relatives, who had secured quarters for us—exceedingly difficult to obtain, as Boulogne was at this period crowded, and all hotels full—at a fairly comfortable hotel and restaurant in the Haute Ville or Fort, in the Rue de Lisle, Hotel Bourgogne.

Boulogne consists of an upper and a lower town, in two distinct parts. The Haute Ville (upper town) in which we had quarters, is really the fortress, and is a pentagon in shape, having been designed by the famous French engineer, Vauban. The walls are of a great height, and all round them, on the ramparts, is a very pleasant walk, with boulevards of fine trees, and with not only a view of the town within—on which you look down—but with a commanding survey of the sea, and country around in every direction. It is, however, essentially an

ancient fortress, incapable of any prolonged resistance to modern means of reducing it. Within the fort are two or three objects of especial interest, and of these priority must in every way be given to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which, standing as it does on very high ground, and being 300 feet itself in height, is a landmark for a long distance. The crypt beneath the church is an object of great curiosity, being of considerable length and breadth, and really belonging to a former edifice of much earlier date. The architecture of the cathedral itself has but little to recommend it. The Hotel de Ville and Palais de Justice are also within the walls. The Belfry Tower, a very solid stone structure, and the citadel, have the largest amount of historic interest attaching to them. The former figured very formidably during the Revolution, and obtained a painful notoriety for the atrocities therein perpetrated on a number of unhappy ecclesiastics and others who fell into the hands of the mob at that dark period, traces of which still remain—monuments of unrelenting ferocity! The beams on which many of the victims were hung are shown, with their names, which they were compelled themselves to inscribe prior to execution. Dungeons and means of torture, and various forms of death, are here also in dismal evidence—an instructive record of mob rule! In the tower, too, is the bell—one of considerable size, but less remarkable for this, than for the fact, that, to the present day, no more intelligent mode of striking the hours and half-hours, is in use—for it is a clock tower also—than for a man to strike them with a mallet on the bell metal. Poor fellow! As throughout the nights—often obviously waking up as by the instinct of habit, sometimes five or six minutes after time—he kept up the hideous noise really not many yards from my unfortunate head, as I lay trying in vain to sleep, I wished it further. There is a fine look-out from the top of the tower, and the bell really is for alarm, in case of fire, or other enemies. The citadel, or castle, somewhat farther off, is famous in recent times as the place of imprisonment of Louis Napoléon, and the very bed, table and chair he used—plain enough for the commonest—are retained as exhibits of interest. It is said, after his marriage, and, as Napoléon III., reigning at the then gorgeous Tuileries, he brought the Empress to

see what the previous contrast in his career here had been. The poor old soldier, who acted as our *cicerone*, and showed us all the curiosities, including a wearisome succession of horrible dungeons in which, he stated, Napoléon I., kept his refractory prisoners of war—had a number of yarns to retail, but his *répertoire* contained statements in which he so amusingly mixed up the rather ancient deeds of Godfrey de Bouillon, with the more recent military exploits of the First Napoléon, as to lead to the inevitable conclusion that, in his mind, the two were contemporaries! Poor man! he showed a terrible hole in the top of his skull, caused by a shot wound, such as to render any aberrations of memory most excusable; the wonder with such a hole he had survived at all.

The Napoléon Column, built during the reign of Louis Philippe—to commemorate the *Grande Armée*, that, under Soult, was there encamped to invade England by the aid of the flotillas—according to the pet scheme of the First Napoléon—is a lofty structure standing on a railed base of some pretensions, and within an enclosure of several acres, with lodge and entrance gates. Most visitors to Boulogne go to see it, and many ascend the long tortuous staircase to the top, where the most extensive view is obtained. The Museum in the Rue Grande repays a visit, as it contains many objects of interest, among others a small collection of paintings, by no means remarkable for their merit, though some few good pictures might be selected. An Englishman, however, could hardly fail to be struck by no less than three or four oil paintings illustrative of the visit of the Queen and Prince Albert to Napoléon III. at Boulogne, which, however great their merit might be, could never look otherwise than caricatures, from the too faithful representation they give of what was the fashionable attire of ladies at that, by no means, distant, period, when the outrageous crinolines then worn, and the barbarous arrangement of bonnets and hair, bring well nigh a blush to one's face, to think that in our own time—this Victorian era of advance in art and æsthetics—such atrociously bad taste in personal adornment prevailed.

The Anglican community have no less than three different churches among them, not all apparently "speaking the same

thing," for I observed an extraordinary amount of rivalry, not to say jealousy, such as almost to forbid their appropriation of the term "Catholic." Hotels are very numerous, and some of them exceedingly good, those facing the sea towards the baths and sea bathing, especially, though I should give the preference myself to the "Hotel Dérvaux" in the Rue Grande. The Casino is the most attractive feature at Boulogne; the whole bathing establishment, which is here on an extensive scale, radiating from and belonging to the same proprietary, which is really the mayor and corporation of the town, but leased year by year to a lessee, called *le directeur*, who pays a very high rental, and, I am told, has the greatest difficulty, notwithstanding its extreme popularity—drawing crowds every evening of the week, and largest of all on Sundays—to make two ends meet. The building occupies an imposing position on the beach close to the piers, and is a very extensive establishment, providing attractions manifold, both within and without, and is the life of Boulogne. In the grounds a band plays, and promenade concerts are frequent, as also varied programmes of amusement from time to time. Within there is a theatre, ball, and concert hall, reading room, &c., also an apartment where limited play goes on based on the uncertain running of several miniature racehorses, with jockeys *en suite*, around a specially-arranged table, the green baize covering of which simulates turf. The usual small stakes are put on the varying colours by the spectators around, and the winning horse sweeps the whole. So far *this* is a tolerably innocent proceeding; but there is *another* room where quite a different order of gaming goes on, and the portal to it is guarded with extreme jealousy against all but members of this or some other recognized club. That the conditions of admission are nevertheless frequently evaded seems clear, from the fact that I knew of a visitor who obtained the *entrée* as a member of the "Pickwick Club!" The absolutely serious gambling carried on here chiefly at *baccarat*, is notorious, and ought to be suppressed; but 'tis said the *directeur* would be wholly incapable of paying the rent he does to the Corporation without it; so that practically it is maintained by the authorities! From the immense numbers attending the establishment—which includes also an extensive café

restaurant—one would have expected it to be a very profitable concern. It is the supreme feature of Boulogne—its central attraction for the numerous visitors every season—and if it declined, so would the town also, though there is a considerable and constantly-increasing English colony, and the society, if you bring introductions, is considered very agreeable. Cafés are numerous and much frequented. English is freely spoken almost everywhere, for it is fully as English a town in character as Montreal or Quebec. The Café Continental and Café de l'Europe (both in the Rue Thiers) are the most popular. There are many pretty walks and drives in the neighbourhood. Around the town, too, are numbers of small-sized farms. The soil is light, and easily worked, and apparently fertile; but no large amount of grain seemed grown, dairy farming being most profitable. I observed lucerne growing freely as a perennial crop, and a very good crop too for so dry a season. The farmers possessed a very useful stamp of horses—almost always mares—selling the colts for town use. They are a compact, thick-set type of animal with short, clean, flat legs, admirably adapted for breeding good, useful general-purpose horses. They possess great strength, too, as they need, for the carts in use are prodigiously heavy, awkward things, with long bodies—after the fashion of a Red River cart, now becoming almost historical here—with clumsy 5 ft. wheels, and measuring 15 ft. to 18 ft. from tail to point of shaft! Although so heavy—and the streets and roads all about and around the town pitched with stones—the drivers stand up, and, with long, cracking whips, drive about at a great pace, making the most hideous din, and fairly shaking the earth.

One day, while awaiting on the pier the arrival of the Folkestone packet, I was witness of a very interesting incident that I may mention, for it created, in its way, no little excitement in the town. It was the arrival of a military-uniformed band of boys from England with their instruments complete (*i.e.*, fifes and drums). On landing they were at once marshalled by a gentleman (in plain clothes) in charge, and marched off, fifes and drums playing, into the town, where they gave a series of performances which entirely took the place by storm, and created immense enthusiasm. They certainly played extremely well, and

with such a rapidity and precision, and withal under such perfect control as I have never heard surpassed. They marched all over the town giving performances and collecting subscriptions. On enquiry, I found they belonged to the London Ragged School, and this was a treat afforded them, which doubtless something more than paid expenses. On their departure next day, I observed they had evidently established an *entente très cordiale* with the good people of Boulogne, who sent them away with very hearty *adieux*, and—what was better for them—with a well-filled money bag.

We were spectators one Sunday of a most interesting and picturesque pageant. This was a procession, of annual occurrence, of all the parochial guilds of the Ecclesiastical See or district. It is an event of considerable importance among Roman Catholics, hundreds flocking into the town on the occasion, and some even from England. I forget the number of different guilds that participated; but they were very numerous, as may be inferred from the fact that the procession took exactly one hour to pass a given point, viz., the window of a house in the line of route, from which we witnessed it. Each would begin with an array of female school children, some of very tender age, all attired in white muslin with veils of the same, and adorned with bright ribbons of a special colour for each, bearing also bannerets and other devices. Then followed a similar array of boys, followed by young women and men, and afterwards by the old, the priests and clergy belonging thereto, with crucifixes and other emblems flanking the whole, and directing and guiding the march like so many military officers. Individually these displays, being in themselves little attractive to Protestant minds, were not perhaps of much account; but, collectively, by their numbers, with their multiplied distinctive varieties of colour and circumstance, they undoubtedly presented a *coup d'œil* at once picturesque and attractive. The whole ceremonial was closed by the Guild and Banner of St. George (England's Patron Saint) and was a distinctly English Roman Catholic body. There are besides in the town several English schools and educational establishments for all classes belonging to this ecclesiastical community, distinguished in several of its features

from its predecessors, among other things, by the possession of a brass band.

During the first week or ten days of our visit at Boulogne, another great attraction offered very close to our own quarters. This was the annual two weeks' Fair held in the Boulevard Mariette, an avenue of fine trees about 400 yards long under the very walls of the Haute Ville. This promenade was lined on both sides throughout its length by a continuous succession of stalls, or shops, some indeed, as jewellery, of very costly character. These, especially at night time, when they were all brilliantly illuminated, formed not only a very active place of business, but a most favourite resort for visitors, and, indeed, for all classes. Yet it must not be supposed that this constituted a congregation of heterogeneous elements, such as a fair of an evening too often is in England—the famous one at Greenwich, to wit. On the contrary, the greatest order and propriety prevailed. Ladies—often entirely unaccompanied by gentlemen—freely perambulated the bazaar, making purchases at the different stalls, taking their chances at certain prize-distributing counters—in some instances visiting the amusements that abounded, and even riding in the numerous and most gorgeously decorated and illumined merry-go-rounds, with abundant supplies of music—all without encountering the slightest impropriety or act of discourtesy of any kind: and we visited the Fair most evenings. In matters of this kind—external propriety of conduct—the lower orders in France are certainly much ahead of British subjects anywhere. This is apparent generally wherever you come in contact with them—more genuine natural courtesy of manner; but, as far as my own observation goes, I should say confined more particularly to those classes.

There is an English Club in Boulogne, chiefly supported by the residents. I was politely tendered the *entrée* as an honorary member by its courteous Secretary, Captain C——.

There is also an admirable English Library (Merrydew's), abundantly supplied with British papers and periodicals; and the subscription by day, week, month, or year, very reasonable. There is also a very good Reading Room at The Casino.

I visited the Abattoir, one morning. These institutions are somewhat special in France, and at least involve a system demanding much more general imitation, than, as far as my own observation extends, in England, they receive there, where, as a rule, slaughter houses are permitted to exist in private buildings anywhere, in the very centre of cities, to the great injury of sanitation, and to the unrestrained brutality and cruelty to which poor animals are in such places constantly subjected. The arrangement of this Abbatoir, as of others in France, was admirable. It was an extensive stone-built establishment, occupying upwards of an acre of ground, with a number of separate buildings for different purposes, and an inexhaustible supply of water. Order and cleanliness prevailed, and I think every reasonable provision was made for the exercise of common humanity towards animals taken there for slaughter, specially so in the fact that separate stalls, and an altogether separate building, are assigned to beasts awaiting slaughter, that are never brought in contact with blood till their time comes.

The Fish Women of Boulogne are a well-recognized community, having traditions of their own, and they are interesting subjects for observation. With their high, full snow-white mob-caps—often of the finest lace—long golden earrings pendant from their ears; robed frequently in costly silks, or *moire antiques*, with rich Oriental-patterned silk bandanas about their shoulders, they present an embodiment of costliness of attire, only in keeping with what I was informed, is their actual financial condition; and either in statuettes, or by photographs, their appearance is made very generally familiar in England—especially in London. Like the French peasantry universally they are a thrifty class. It was from this source that the wonderful amount of cash was derived that satisfied that supposed crushing indemnity paid the Germans in 1871. But these hoards were due to the comparatively settled government enjoyed by France during twenty years under Napoléon III. It is more than doubtful if any such accumulations exist now. Confidence—which is the outcome of stable rule—alone can secure these; and it is questionable if an enduring Republican

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form of government could ever be established on an ancient Monarchical basis. It is like erecting a new building on an old foundation. In America it is too often forgotten that such institutions are natural and spontaneous; and have to encounter no opposition from vested interests already existing. In Monarchical Europe Republics are usurpers, and their reign must always be subject to the precarious tenure of power of usurpers generally. It is essential to bear in mind, too, that the *peasantry* of France have never lost their faith in a Monarchy or the Empire. It is in Paris, and the urban constituencies, that the strength of the Republic is found; at any rate in Boulogne, and its neighbourhood, both Empire and Monarchy are very numerous in the ascendant. The Napoléons have here a strong following. If the Comte de Paris had possessed the self-assertion and initiative of a Boulanger, I was informed he might now have been on the throne of France; but, to tamely submit to exile, and then only to issue his manifesto from a safe distance, betrayed too little of those qualities essential for a successful leader, as to well-nigh have extinguished his prospects altogether. It seems not improbable that the young Victor Napoléon may still be the coming man. The *prestige* of the name is still great: and Paris alone is an enduring monument of the Third Napoléon's claims on France.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN the beginning of August I started for a few days' visit to Paris. The journey presented few features worthy of note. The railway traverses a fair agricultural country—soil light and somewhat sandy. Harvest was pretty nearly over, and the hitherto extremely dry season was breaking up with constant showers. The travelling was decidedly inferior to that on English railways. The carriages in each class are certainly not so good. The first and second class are stuffy in appearance, constructed apparently on the model of the old travelling carriages of our ancestors, with small windows and deficient light;

costly, but out of date. The third-class were the same sort of relics of barbarism as are so unprofitably retained by the conservative London, Chatham, and Dover Railway of England. As corporations they are *par nobile fratrum*! Amiens was the first station of any size we stopped at. Here I remained an hour. It is an historic old town, and as the head-quarters of the Army of the North, under General Faidherbe, afforded a ray of hope to the sorely-beleaguered garrison of Paris during the seige, of creating a successful diversion in its favour. The cathedral is a fine and noble edifice, dating from the 12th century. The town is on the river Somme, which bisects it. It has a population of 60,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by fortifications. We passed through Clérmont-Oriel, and Chantilly. This last is a very pretty locality, the railway crossing over a fertile and picturesque valley, abounding with dense woods teeming with game, by a lofty viaduct. I observed many pretty villas and country houses, and here the Duc d'Aumale had a grand estate and residence, including a popular race-course, all of which he has presented to the French nation, which has expatriated him! From this station to Paris it rained heavily and incessantly, and many passengers joining the train were very wet, as at many of the stations there seemed to be no protection from the rain either for those awaiting or alighting from the trains. We reached Paris about 3 p.m., starting at 6.30 a.m.—8½ hours for 158 miles. Slow enough, but an hour must be deducted at Amiens. It was not an express train, but *they* do the distance in only two hours less time; rather a contrast with the English Midlands' 208 miles in five; or the North-Western's 4½ hours for the same distance! At Paris, after getting free of the spacious, but black and dismal-looking station (Gare du Nord), I found it so extremely wet that being a perfect stranger, and my colloquial knowledge of the language imperfect, I was at rather a loss how to proceed. My intention was to go to the Hotel St. James, Rue St. Honoré, as this hotel had been recommended to me; but how far it was off was uncertain, and information was not easily obtained, for, though I can *read* French correctly and with facility, the acquirement of other languages since I learnt it, and the want of colloquial facilities since, make it somewhat difficult to speak freely

myself, or to understand the rapid dialect of the natives. As I had only a Gladstone bag, therefore I enquired of an omnibus conductor if he went my way, and receiving an affirmative reply, I at once took my seat. The vehicle was then nearly empty, but rapidly filled up its numbers, and off we went. After proceeding, as I thought, a very long distance, and observing nothing to guide me as to the whereabouts of my objective, I summoned courage to address myself to my fellow passengers, who were all of a very respectable class as to appearance, saying "*Messieurs, voulez vous m'informer ou est la rue St. Honoré?*" The construction of the sentence no doubt is homely, but, nevertheless, such as, had a Frenchman, using similar unidiomatic English, addressed to me in England, I should, I apprehend, have readily understood. I, however, encountered nothing but shrugs of the shoulders, and shakes of the head, which availed me little. Happily, in the interests of viatorial enquiry, and to the not absolute discredit of French manners, a courteous lady sitting nearly opposite, came to my rescue. She proved the "friend in need," and very kindly afforded me all the information on that, and other kindred subjects, I required. She was a young Frenchwoman returning from the situation of a governess with a family of distinction in England, and knew herself something of "the heart of a stranger," and of that "fellow feeling" which makes us all at times "akin." She pointed out to me the Bourse, and several other objects of interest *en route*; and at the critical moment—for the omnibuses only crossed it—the Rue St. Honoré itself, where, with profuse thanks to my fair friend, I alighted, and, proceeding down the street, soon reached the Hotel St. James (Sant Jám, as the natives call it.) A very comfortable and unpretending hotel it was, frequented by a most respectable class of visitors, and largely by Canadians and Americans. I obtained a very nice room on the second floor only, in which, during my stay, I was exceedingly comfortable. I merely took my breakfast there, and coffee of an evening. Throughout the day I devoted myself to seeing Paris, *i.e.*, external Paris—the limited time at my disposal forbade my attempting more than this. I did not, therefore, care to be tied by fixed hours for meals, and as, when alone, I hate *table d'hôte*s, I preferred dining at restau-

rants, where and when it was most convenient. A French breakfast, however, is but a light repast—simply a small pot of coffee with sugar, milk, and some fresh rolls. Their true breakfast (*déjeuner*) is from 12 to 2; what English people of *ton* usually call lunch, and Anglo-Indians “tiffin,” while to the majority it is early dinner. For this first meal I was charged 1½ francs (or 1s. 2d. English), and for my room three francs *per diem*. Most reasonable, considering the class of accommodation, the situation of the hotel itself, and the few perquisites in addition.

The day remained soakingly wet to the end, but I managed to visit the Colonnades of the Palais Royale, where abound shops of the most varied and costly character of jewellery and other wares that, by their repetition, caused one to marvel how their owners could possibly make them pay, seeing that now-a-days, under a Republican *régime*, so little of luxury and prodigal expenditure exists compared with the time of the Empire. At least, while I was in Paris everything of that kind seemed conspicuous by its absence.

Paris is a wonderful city—one might truly say “a beauty and a joy for ever” for those who delight in urban life and pursuits. It’s architecture—especially that of its streets—its lightness and brightness; its regularity of tracing, so different to that of the commercial thoroughfares of most cities; the variety of its public buildings, many of them so thrilling in the interest, the tragedies of so many revolutions during the past hundred years, have given to them; the display of taste in, and the costliness of, the wares exhibited in the numerous shops of its best thoroughfares; as also in the multiplied attractions it offers for the amusement and delectation, of its own volatile population; nor less for those of its gay and expectant visitors, which include veritably the world at large. From these points of view the resources of Paris certainly exceed those of any other modern city. It is, of course, far inferior to London in point of *size*; yet, in population (upwards of two millions) is probably second to no other. In financial wealth again, it is most obviously far behind the British metropolis. I was quite astounded at the paucity and meagreness of the private equipages that frequent the Bois-de-Boulogne, and the fashionable

avenues generally. Contrasted with Hyde Park and the West-End of London, the difference is extraordinary. In a city, however, where *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* are inscribed so conspicuously—and, as I conceive, so offensively—on so many of its public buildings, this seems but natural. Only, as trade, which is after all the main source of a country's wealth, is largely restrained where luxury and lavish expenditure are repressed, it is not clear how any practical good is to come thereby to those who are the ones most affected, viz., the industrial classes? During my limited stay, only five or six days, I endeavoured to see all, that being of special interest, could fairly be visited within the period at my disposal. To examine the wondrous objects of the limners' art that cover the walls of the spacious *salons* of the historic Louvré, I made no attempt—knowing how impracticable a task it would prove, and how painful a one too, amid the distraction of haste, to do any justice to paintings that would demand more time, for this exclusive purpose, than was altogether at my command.

The same applied to the Palais d'Industrie in the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, a fine building of considerable length, studded around its external walls by medallions of men of cosmopolitan eminence in science and art, among which I observed the British names of Watt, Stephenson, Davy and many others. The time of year—though, by reason everywhere in Europe of its extreme brilliancy throughout June and July the season was already distinctly on the wane—so manifestly invited to out of door rather than indoor gratification, that I derived the greatest enjoyment in a city like Paris—with its beauteous boulevards and groves of trees, most of them arranged with seats inviting the visitor to take his work of inspection leisurely as a labour of love rather than of toil or haste—from sitting about and admiring with entranced gaze, the mingled charms of nature in close association with art, as exhibited in such a magnificent range of buildings (to wit) as the Boulevard Haussman, one of the latest and most crowning works of the Third Napoléon, by his architect Baron Haussman. Truly, modern Paris is the creation of that Emperor. It was during his reign nearly all the present architectural beauties of Paris were constructed, and in *them* he

has left a monument *really entitling to fame* ; and that infinitely more enduring than any military conquest could ever have secured him. Hence, the greater regret that a reign so eminent for its advancement, and patronage of science, art, and industry should have been so prematurely cut short by an insane attempt to gather laurels in a field in which he certainly never discovered any aptitude, other than that of posing as the inheritor of his illustrious uncle's name.

Next, to the Boulevard Haussman—with its attractive flats up to the fifth storey, and their pretty balconies towering over one, yet many of them covered with a profusion of blossoming creepers, and other brilliant floral hues, making one envious to be a denizen of quarters so far removed from the din and heat below, and in enjoyment of the purer and brighter atmosphere of almost the azure sky itself above—do the Boulevards *dés Capucins* and *dés Italiens* excite admiration ; for, though their architecture is inferior to the Haussman, the trees are older, and therefore denser in foliage, and the numerous restaurants, cafés and kiosks, with their crowded customers, indicate that these enjoy the largest share of popular favour. Between these two streets is the famous church of the Madeleine, a beautiful example of the purest Grecian architecture, in fact a perfect reproduction of an ancient Greek temple. The frieze is exceedingly fine, with an abundance of elaborately sculptured figures, and the whole is supported by some fifty Corinthian columns, each fifty feet high.

The Place de la Concorde must, I think, carry the palm as the most unique and attractive feature in Paris, by reason of its magnificence and the extent of its area. It forms a crossway between the splendid avenue leading from the Arc de Triomphe through the Champs Elysées to the Tuileries, and the road leading from the Bureau of the Ministère de Marine across the Seine by the bridge of the same name (Pont Place de la Concorde). Its central figure is the Luxor Obelisk—brought from Egypt by Napoleon—but the fountains of classical design, ten in number, and ever playing forth streams of water, cooling and refreshing the summer air, are the more enjoyable. The entire area of the "Place" cannot be less than fifty acres. Proceeding from this unrivalled site directly up the fascinating

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Avenue of the Champs Elysées—with its luxuriantly umbrageous trees on either side of the wide and spacious thoroughfare, bounded by lovely ornamental grounds and gardens, a restaurant and a kind of casino on each hand, and fine residences higher up—one reaches that glorious eminence the Arc de l'Etoile (Star), so termed from its numerous roads or avenues—twelve in number—radiating in every direction. Here it delighted me to sit beneath the shade of the ever-present and ever-grateful foliage, contemplating from many different points that beautiful trophy, the Arc de Triomphe itself—that commemorates so many military successes of the French under Napoleon and his marshals—and contrasting in thought the vanity of human affairs, and the just retribution that so recently made the same spot the witness of France's humiliation, when the victorious German Army passed under and through this arch *en route* to the Tuileries! Many of those recorded were unquestionably grand and substantial victories; but, as a somewhat wholesale spirit seems to have characterised the man who dubbed us poor British a "nation of shopkeepers," quite a few of these appropriations may at least be treated as historically doubtful; and, to such, without dispute, belong "Talavera" and "Aboukir,"* which, under those names, were genuine English victories. I cannot but think it speaks volumes for the magnanimity of the Germans, that, after their extraordinary and overwhelming successes against France, and seeing this trophy is conspicuously and exultingly rich in defiant illustration of the latter's successes over themselves—in fact primarily erected to record these—in their triumphal march through it they left every portion safe and untouched. It was an act of national high-minded generosity in fitting sequel to their gallant and indomitable bearing throughout so long and—while before Paris during a most severe winter—trying a campaign; and in this view it constitutes the trophy a *double* Arc de Triomphe—first of French vanity—and, secondly, of German magnanimity.

* The Author is aware Napoleon defeated the Turks at Aboukir; but the naval defeat of the French by the English—and not the comparatively unimportant success of the former over the Moslems—is the event with which the name of Aboukir has been, and ever will be, *historically* associated.

CHAPTER XX.

THE Bois-de-Boulogne is a public Park, that to Paris occupies a very analogous position with Hyde Park to London. It is the fashionable resort for carriages, equestrians, and pedestrians alike, and is of vast size, altogether about 2,000 acres. The main road to it from the city passes through the Arc d'Étoile, following the Avenue Bois-de-Boulogne, itself part of the park. Sitting here, I had the best opportunity of seeing its frequenters, and of contrasting the various equipages and riders passing to and fro, with what I had recently similarly observed in Hyde Park and "The Row;" and it must be confessed the difference was immense, even after making the fullest allowance for the exceptional character of the season in London, consequent on the Jubilee. Another of the avenues diverging from this circle is the Avenue Kléber, and this leads directly down to the Palace of the Trocadéro—a building that, with all its surroundings, delighted me fully as much as anything I saw in Paris. It would be hopeless to attempt adequately to describe the glorious views obtained from the balconies or galleries that run through its entire length, and which doubtless owe much of their beauty to the unrivalled position the Palace occupies on the slope of a hill receding from the Seine, and overlooking the Champ de Mars. It was originally erected for the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and is of crescent, or semi-circular form, with wings. The gorgeous beds of flowers, the velvet turf lawns, and the numerous walks meandering through the grounds almost down to the river embankment are very charming; while from the galleries and directly in front I beheld, already rising, that veritable Tower of Babel (the Eiffel Tower) whose top is to reach to heaven, or at least 900 feet towards it, and which will then be about double the height of any known building of the present day; and intended to be the main feature of the Exhibition of next year (1889). It would be difficult to conceive of any higher motive for erecting such a tower than that of "beating the record;" for it cannot fail to be a serious eyesore to the Trocadéro, as I should think to Paris generally.

Of the numerous bridges over the Seine—some really very beautiful in design, and most of them more or less intended to commemorate some victorious incident in modern French military history; of the graceful steamboats, which, with their well-patronized human freights, flit up and down the river almost like so many dragon flies; of the constant succession of baths and natatories that line the banks evidencing at least a praiseworthy regard for personal cleanliness, a virtue in a nation quite equal to that of martial prowess; of its Morgue, or receptacle for the numerous—far too numerous if they amount, as I was told, on an average to one or more daily—corpses, victims usually of violent deaths; of the islands, Ile du Palais, and Ile St. Louis, on the former of which is the famous cathedral of Notre Dame; it is not needful to say more than that the river itself is a far more attractive looking one than the Thames, though I should judge but half its width at London Bridge. It is, however, essentially the water-way of a city of pleasure rather than of business, having neither shipping nor docks, but possessing clear, though for obvious reasons, very far from pure water.

On the South side of the Seine are many objects of interest, but by no means are these so numerous as on the North. I contented myself with visiting the Chamber of Deputies, but the House was not in Session; the Hotel des Invalides, or French Chelsea Hospital; the Champs de Mars, and traversing the long, interesting and umbrageous Quay D'Orsai, on which I observed one remnant at least of the mad fury of the commune in the charred and skeleton walls of a Palais, but its name has escaped me.

Re-crossing the Seine by the Pont de Solferino, I was delighted to sit awhile in the gardens of the Tuileries, which are truly lovely in all their floral radiance and horticultural beauty. The beds are planted close up to the flags of the side walk, unguarded by any protection, and yet appeared entirely unharmed, alike by bipeds or quadrupeds!

The Rue de Rivoli is another very attractive promenade in Paris. Its length as a street is, perhaps, the greatest of any modern European city, being little short of a mile and a-half.

Throughout at least three-fourths of this distance it is a colonnaded corridor, or covered way, broken only by other streets crossing it at right angles, and is quite a crowded resort in showery, or even hot weather. The shops along its entire length invest it with the character of a bazaar; for they are very attractive, and consist almost exclusively of fancy wares—as knick-knacks, jewelry, and objects of art and curiosity. The picture shops, too, are very numerous, and sources of great attraction, their windows usually thronged by spectators. The subjects generally are photographs of local or personal celebrities, sporting and military pictures, and mostly English in type and representation. A notable feature that can scarcely fail to strike British visitors to Paris for the first time rather forcibly, are the numerous examples of more or less undraped female figures that are here especially on view; and such as, without being absolutely indecent, are certainly rather free, at least, according to our usual insular prejudices on this subject. Prejudice alone it must seem to be, if one relies upon the fact that ladies, of every class and nationality, stop and leisurely inspect these windows without the remotest appearance of embarrassment, or offended delicacy. There is such an air of brightness, variety, and fascination about all these shops as fully accounts for its great popularity as a promenade. Such numerous objects of interest, instruction, and amusement abound on the North side of the Seine, that it is idle to attempt any detailed account of them, the more as most of these things have been more or less described in print over and over again. My visit, moreover, was of a very flying character, and being entirely alone, there is an undesirable selfishness attaching to deep draughts of enjoyment all to one's self, which caused me to make it even briefer than I might very advantageously have done. I could not, however, fail to notice the gorgeous Opera House, at the head of the Avenue of that name, which is one of the principal streets of Paris, abounding with splendid shops replete with the choicest wares. The Théâtre du Grand Opéra is a superb building, occupying an unsurpassable site, one worthy of its architectural grandeur, to which it lends no inconsiderable aid, being open on all sides, and close to those popular and chief thoroughfares the Boule-

wards Haussman, Capucins and des Italiens. The Tuileries, as they appeared probably at their highest glory during the last Empire, practically cease to exist. Some portions of the exterior buildings have been restored, but the entire centre is little more than an extensive paved court-yard, through which omnibuses and other vehicles pass at will. It is further occupied by the offices of the *Ministère des Postes et Telegraphes* (General Post Office), and a very unsightly receptacle it is made of the various vans, waggons, carts, and other carriages used in the business. The whole seemed to me to call for the inscription, vastly more suitable than that which does appear, the wearisome *Liberté! Egalité! et Fraternité!* (these are simply a sentiment) *Sic transit gloria mundi!* The Columns—that in the Place Vendôme—pulled down by the Communists, but rebuilt, is exceedingly interesting, from the military subjects, cast in oblique scrolls, that run from bottom to top, in bronze metal supplied by cannons captured from the Austrians. The Column on the site of the famous Bastile, is also, if only from this association alone, worthy of notice. The Arc du Triomphe, in the Carrousel, is another beautiful trophy of victories erected by the great Napoleon. A place I much desired to have visited was the Cemetery of Père Lachaise. This cosmopolitan burying ground abounds in interest, and moreover affords, from its elevated position, an admirable view of Paris; and I feel I lost much by not seeing it; but such a place would necessarily require much time leisurely to inspect the various monuments, “*in memoriam*,” as one would wish. With regard to Hotels, Restaurants, and Cafés, their names are “legion,” and altogether beyond me; for, acting on the advice of friends who knew Paris well, I selected for myself an Hotel in a situation I consider as convenient as any I could have chosen, in the Rue St. Honoré, close to the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, &c., and quite central for almost all purposes. For *déjeuner* (or luncheon) I went to different places as they were handy at the time; but, for dinner, I chose from the first “The Duval,” in the Rue Montesquieu, a restaurant that had been pointed out to me by the lady I met in the omnibus on arrival, as one of the best in Paris; and

I found she did not deceive me. So satisfied was I with my first experience, I deemed it best, on the principle "Go further fare worse," to stick to a good thing when found, and I dined there daily between 6 and 7 p.m. The place—which has a double dining-hall with a gallery all round over-head—was crowded every evening, more so than any restaurant I saw in London, even the Holborn Restaurant, which it most resembled. Nor were the waiters young women—as in "The Duval" established by Spiers and Pond in the Strand—but *men* as in the best establishments. The quality and quantity of the various viands—supplied to order *ad libitum*—left nothing to be desired. The *menu* was excellent, and the wine *good*; while the charges were really insignificant, being the cheapest dinners I ever ate! For 2s. 6d. I dined sumptuously, including ices and a pint of wine. This cannot be beaten!

Of public conveyances in Paris I must say something, because all subjects relating to the use—too often abuse—of a noble quadruped like the horse, readily engage my sympathy; and I confess I think few places can beat Paris in ill-usage of this animal. Omnibuses and tram cars here were of extraordinary size and weight, and altogether destructive of the lives of the poor brutes doomed to labour in them. They work three abreast, and are all entire horses; but looking to the variation of grades in Paris over which these vehicles work, their weight, and the numbers of passengers they carry inside and out, the toil is excessive, and the general condition of their horses attests it. Nevertheless, even these trials of animal strength and endurance are insignificant compared with the *carts* in common use for general work in and around the city. One would have expected amongst a people whose individual—no less than local—characteristics are for the most part light and volatile, to have found other things—specially those for locomotion—in keeping therewith; whereas, the very opposite appears to be the rule; for it would be impossible in any civilized community to find vehicles so heavy and unwieldy. In their carts, the shaft horse—even when they were empty—appeared to be entirely over-weighted; but, when full, and very full they often are, though usually well-balanced, the unhappy brute seemed scarcely able to

stagger along on the slightest incline. These carts, which, from point of shaft to tail, measure about 18 ft. long, are as ugly as they are cumbrous, and are generally drawn by three horses in line, all in miserable condition. In addition to this heavy draught, the animals are besides weighted about the withers not only with large, ponderous collars, but these are again laden with heavy skins—apparently tanned as coverings—that are rolled up over the head of the collar when they are at work, until the horse looks awkwardly overburdened by *harness alone*. I observed the same style of outfit on horses *ploughing* on farms in the country. Cabs, too, for a city like Paris, are very inferior. One can appreciate, without approving—all alike being of a uniform open barouche pattern, the head closing up against rain—the *raison d'être* in the climate and surroundings of Paris of an open cab; but I confess a London hansom—especially those of the new pattern with the head folding down—would be a far more suitable carriage for such a city, and I think their introduction would be a distinct advantage.

Considering the French are before all things a military nation—all their glories in paintings and architecture attest this—I was astonished at seeing so few soldiers in Paris: and these, to my mind, were very inferior in appearance. I witnessed a few Regiments of the Line, on different occasions, on the march; but they struck me as very slovenly, many of the troops being mere youths, altogether deficient in weight and chest measurement. Their style of marching—swinging the right arm—may not be injurious to their efficiency, but to British notions it has a singularly unsoldierlike appearance.

The "Republican Guard," compared with our own Foot Guards, engaged on similar duties, *i.e.*—as sentries on Public Buildings—were also to great disadvantage. The Cavalry-Cuirassiers, which were all I saw, may be useful troops, but their loose, baggy red overalls, strapped with leather from almost the fork downwards, are in such extreme contrast with the smart, trig, close-fitting boots and appointments of all British Cavalry, as to be striking. Altogether, I was extremely disappointed in them as troops, and cannot but conceive they

must have deteriorated, in appearance at least, since the time of the Empire. *Liberté! Egalité! Fraternité!* are, however, scarcely a suitable basis on which to establish military discipline; but *Nous verrons!*

The *Gens d'Armes*, everywhere that I saw them, are really fine men, and such as would make a splendid body of troops. Their functions are civil—police—and I think they are equal in physique to British policemen—which is saying a great deal.

My brief visit of inspection to Paris concluded, I left by an early train to return to Boulogne, having thus an opportunity afforded me of seeing the city in the early hours of the morning (between 5 and 6 a.m.)

En route I had the means of observing the working at the different railway stations of the operation of Mobilization, the order for which as to a single *Corps d'Armée*, had just been issued, and thereby created much activity, though I was nowhere within the zone of its influence. On arrival at Boulogne, I was again brought into close personal contact with the same thing—a detachment of Infantry, on the march to join, having been billeted for a couple of nights at the hotel where I was staying; and which, being within the precincts of the fortress, was, I assume, specially liable to this. It afforded me an occasion to attest to the good and superior behaviour of French soldiers; for, though occupying rooms—to the number of some twenty men—quite close to my own, and messing in the Quadrangle of the Hotel, their conduct and demeanour was altogether as unexceptionable as that of any other guests; and far superior, I fear, from what might have been expected from the same number of British troops under similar circumstances. The conscription system of enlistment, that takes all classes alike, very probably accounts for this, seeing we usually get our soldiers from the lower classes only.

Returning to England—as most convenient, luggage and hours of departure and arrival considered, the weather, too, being, on the whole, favourable—we took the steamer from Boulogne to London, leaving always by night; and, after a pleasant and smooth passage, affording a good night's rest in a fairly well-appointed boat for her size, we disembarked at the

St. Katharine Dock, about 9 a.m., allowing us by a cab to get to our old quarters—Guilford Street, Russell Square—in time for breakfast.

CHAPTER XXI.

I WOULD I could eschew anything having a vexed political character, for in Canada politics figure *usque ad nauseam*, and I am sure, in this part of the world especially, if ardent admirers of democratic institutions could only observe how they work, and what is their tendency, their enthusiasm would be immensely abated. The system of multiplied parliamentary organisations, among such limited communities, has scarcely a redeeming feature. It is costly, powerless, inefficient, and even much worse than that; though we may be thankful that here, as yet at least, we are not so bad as to external proprieties as in the Australian colonies, where, at Melbourne, recently, a scene was given in *The Times* (taken from the local *Argus*, and spoken of as no way special) in which an hon. member alluded to the Premier as that "bandy-legged schemer!" and another spoke of one actually present as having "Diddled a barmaid out of threepence," &c. What can be said generally of institutions in which dignity, and even decency, are thus outraged? And who will undertake—with the experience of the last Session of the Imperial Parliament—to say how long before that historic and once dignified assembly will become similarly degraded? I would by no means wish to disparage the Dominion Parliament. In Sir John MacDonald, Canada has the great advantage of a thoroughly able man; one who possesses a vast amount of *tact*, a qualification specially essential for a leader of democracies—in fact, indispensable; for this is what it really amounts to, *to be effective*—one man government—very nearly *absolutism* practically! Although, like other men, he is not without his failings, I think when Sir John goes Canada will find it difficult to supply his place as an administrator; although Sir Charles Tupper has unquestionably discovered more than average abilities; but apparently

really able men are, as yet, scarce among politicians in this country.*

The conflict of parties here is very limited, though desperately fierce; confined (if we exclude the tariff, on which, however, there is no unanimity among the Opposition) substantially to the always exasperating controversy between the possessors of office—of the “loaves and fishes”—and those without. In England, however, especially at the present time, it is almost a moral impossibility for a thoughtful man, having the interests of his country at heart, to avoid seeing that a question of more vital importance to the Empire at large, is on hand than has presented itself within the memory of any living man.

That question is—Shall Ireland be henceforth an independent Nation; or continue a part of the United Kingdom? There is, I believe *practically*, no possible alternative. I have never myself been a political partizan, nor identified with electioneering questions of any kind. My political views, whatever they are, owe nothing to hereditary guidance or inspiration. My father was a Whig, and a somewhat strong partizan. My own opinions have been formed over a period of experience of life of upwards of forty years, during which I have resided in, or visited, many of the different countries of the world, more especially those under the British flag; and I maintain that, for the legislation of an Empire like Great Britain and her Dependencies, a wholly different qualification is required in a candidate from what would suffice for a State having simply, or chiefly, to regard its own domestic concerns. Unfortunately, this imperative condition is too often altogether lost sight of among the electorate of the United Kingdom, with whom the paramount questions are usually as to a candidate's views of “Local Option,” “Church Disestablishment,” “Tithes,” “Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister,” or any of the other manifold popular fancies of the day—

* In Sir John Macdonald, there is a very striking facial resemblance to the late Lord Beaconsfield; and, as Statesmen, no mean equality exists. In both that faculty—before referred to—of a special tact in dealing with men, has been conspicuous. At least it has been, I think, a national misfortune that the services of a man of the ability of Sir John Macdonald have not been appropriated for the good of the Empire at large.

well enough in themselves, or in their place—but entirely out of place when great *Imperial* questions such as England's relations with foreign States—her Indian and Colonial policy—her defences, &c., &c., are wholly subordinated thereto. The Imperial Parliament has to remember that it legislates not for 30 millions alone, but very largely for upwards of 300 million subjects also. With the experience, therefore, of the world I have acquired by actual personal observation, I cannot but conceive myself as competent to form a correct opinion on the Irish question as any of the numerous individuals who now-a-days affect to be qualified leaders, because they are enabled to excite the enthusiasm of the uninstructed masses, while their own limited observation and experience utterly forbids of their being accepted as authorities. I would ask, then, if any serious politician—regarding this question solely, *as he ought*, from a patriotic view, of what his country's true interests imperatively demand—can say that England *could* let Ireland go free? for such must inevitably be the case; hide it under as many plausible sophistries as may be; if—as Mr. Gladstone never absolutely denies, and Mr. John Dillon and others as positively assert—she is to have the control of all the forces (civil and military) within her shores! Certainly nothing less will *satisfy* the so-called National party. Of *that* no unprejudiced person can entertain a doubt. *This, then, must be independence, and nothing short of it!*

The questions that seem to press for solution, are:—

1. Have the Irish people, as represented by Mr. Parnell and his more demonstrative lieutenants, ever exhibited any *fitness* to be entrusted with governmental powers? And,

2. On the contrary, have they not given all reasonable evidence that their *régime* would be one of the most degrading despotisms ever known to the civilized world?

So strong, while in England, did I observe party feeling to run on this question, that it seemed to bode the worst possible consequences. When an Opposition strives in every possible way to thwart and obstruct the legislation of a duly and constitutionally appointed Government—possessing, moreover, an overwhelming majority in Parliament—what can be the inevitable result but anarchy and disorder? The infectious tendency of the example

has already been bearing its natural fruit. The fact is, that the question has passed beyond the domain of sound political reasoning altogether. *Passion* has been allowed to enter so unrestrictedly into its treatment, as to have led in many to an abandonment of all moderation. What, for instance, can be more childish, or extravagant than the statement that only recently emanated from the mouth of a politician bearing the honoured name of Bright? (Not John Bright, his attitude is at once honest and dignified, but Jacob Bright, his brother.) He declared that "Conservatives have learnt nothing and gained nothing within the past century, and are the same men as the Bourbons whose policy was simply one of dungeons and blood." This, of a Government supported by his brother! Surely, reasoning is thrown away on men who indulge in rhetoric of this description; and his is far from a solitary instance. Yet, how lamentable at a period so critical as the present, when the foundations of society itself seem being undermined, to observe one's native country, with all its historic glories, and traditions being made the sport of such reckless legislators!

The opinions of American citizens are often cited as authority on this question. As a rule, I refuse to recognise it myself, because, apart from the Irish-American influence there—which is always one of undissembled hostility to England—few have had any opportunity of fairly examining the subject. But, while I was in Paris staying at a hotel much frequented by visitors from this Continent, I had several opportunities of eliciting the sentiments of native Americans, who *had* visited Ireland, and took some interest in the question of Home Rule. I found in them a pretty general consensus of opinion as to a *demand* for it by the people (though none had visited Ulster, chiefly South and West of Ireland and Dublin); but, when I brought the question home—"As the outcome of your observations, did you form any opinion of the general *fitness* of the people to control their own affairs?" I found, either that they had "not entered into that part of the question, and could not decide," or would say, when pressed, "Well, frankly we don't think they are fit." To the same purport have recently been the testimonies of Professor Froude, and of Monsignor Persico; and, in truth, it is *the factor*

that governs the whole, but is rarely treated as such. Mr. Gladstone professes to recognise the "conspicuous moderation of the leaders;" and one of his followers in endeavouring to commend Home Rule to Ulster, spoke of the "absence of all sordid motives" in their conduct; but impartial observers fail to recognise the *proofs* of these statements. Professor Froude—whose usual political sentiments I know not, but, who, as a writer of history, should be a competent authority—has said "You can govern the Irish more easily than any other people in the world under a military, or quasi-military authority"—(in other words by a *firm* and *just* administration of the law)—"You have never succeeded in governing them constitutionally, and I think you never will." I believe these to be the "words of truth and soberness," such as will be verified to the letter, and *they* are not the only people to whom the same applies. In France, at any rate, this is the lesson patent to many people of experience there; and, when one looks at the present state of things both at home (England) and abroad, the question not unfrequently intrudes itself as to whether Constitutionalism itself is not showing signs of being out of date? The *first* condition, imperatively precedent to its success, is a universal sense of the obligations of obedience and submission to the law. Remove, or even weaken *this*, and the edifice falls to pieces. The source, therefore, of failure is transparent. The English have always, heretofore, been esteemed a "pre-eminently law-abiding people? Can as much be said now?

It has always been a marvel to me that the American (U.S.) Government do not see that no nation can permit such violations of all international morality as she does, by winking at, nay, actively encouraging, so far as many of her individual statesmen are concerned, the practical levying of war by the Irish in America on a friendly nation, without realising that, sooner or later, "they who sow the wind, reap the whirlwind."

Let Ireland secure Home Rule (which, sophistry apart, means independence, *this*, anyway, is what is meant in the States, where the sinews of war come from, and nothing less) and to-morrow her claim for "Home Rule" will be transferred to this Continent. Even now the Irish are the most aggressive

politicians in America, and they will yet seek predominance. That the Irish *are* going to be a thorn in the side of the United States Government in the future may very confidently be predicted; anyway, I earnestly warn my countrymen against Home Rule for Ireland, or Gladstone-Parnellism in any form. I am, I know, a "Mr. Nobody" on these subjects, but I have enjoyed a very varied experience of life, and for now nearly ten years have lived in the more or less pronounced political atmosphere of a pure Democracy—one, too, that has not superseded another form of Government, but has been wholly of spontaneous origin—and, as the result of that experience, I assert, unhesitatingly, that it will be a woeful day for that wonderful fabric—the British Empire—when its destinies are controlled by a pure democracy.

The existing condition of the United Kingdom, the depression in nearly all her industries, and especially the well-nigh absolutely ruined prospects of her agriculture, has long been inducing open-minded and reflecting people to enquire whether the nation is really treading a sound path in adhering so strictly to Free Trade?

To secure cheap food, is, without dispute, a most important factor in the economic policy of a great people; but nations do not live on bread alone. It hardly seems to meet the question at all to say "other nations who follow a policy of protection are no better off." The assertion itself I contest; because I believe in no country are industries generally—agriculture especially—suffering to the *extent* they are in England. But, if they *were*; still it has to be remembered how far ahead—when Free-Trade was adopted—she was of other nations, and enjoying an exuberant prosperity much beyond them. This has been declining at a much greater rate. Those who did me the honor to read my little work "A Year in Manitoba," will remember I there vigorously espoused the cause of Free-Trade. I confess my views have changed to the extent that it must at least be reciprocal. On this question again party passion intrudes itself. Dr. Lyon Playfair (I confess I don't like "*doctors*" as politicians—their realm is more frequently that of the theoretical than of the practical) has recently delivered a very admirable address at

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Leeds, on the principles of Free-Trade—which he unfortunately weakens by denouncing all who differ from him as actuated by “*Selfishness and Avarice!*” How could a sensible man talk such nonsense? At worst such motives could only be applicable to those who have a *direct personal interest* in the question. Certainly we have none out here, but the reverse, and the persistent practice by England of Free-Trade is very generally viewed as that which will—with only the question of *time* intervening—be ultimately suicidal to her commercial supremacy—perhaps more. It is satisfactory therefore to see that the subject—under the name of Fair-Trade—is obtaining discussion, and decidedly gaining ground in England. Mr. John Bright, for whom, as a man, I entertain sincere respect, will hardly injure the cause by denouncing—in his usual trenchant style towards his political adversaries—all as “fools” who support it. Undeniably his colleague’s and chief apostle’s—Cobden’s—expectations of its universal or general adoption—which alone could make it permanently successful—have been utterly falsified. Not a nation but ourselves has adopted it, and very few of our Colonies. No country could possibly suffer the effects of a high tariff (and *high tariffs* are to be deprecated everywhere as in restraint of trade) more than this province of Manitoba. Her geographical position and long land freights explain this. But, had we commercial union (which is Free-Trade) with America, we should be infinitely worse off. Our country would be deluged with the over-products of their States, and the “good times” that occasionally fall to the farmer here by the advent of a specially good season, or other cause, would be altogether lost to him, to the benefit of no one but the *importer!* What Great Britain needs, and her Colonies would be benefitted by, is Colonial Federation, *politically elastic, commercially close*; constituting the Empire at large one vast self-supporting nationality. This would mean reciprocity with her Colonies, and a tariff against all who erect tariffs against us, and they are the world at large. The United States benefit the most by England’s promiscuous free-trade; and this is to the injury of her Colonies. The sum of her imports amounts to the enormous figure of £120,000,000 annually! If this were taxed only by 5 per cent., the revenue

would be better by £6,000,000 ! And it could not be evaded, as America has no other market ; nor, as appears to be anticipated, would it be resented, as it would never be felt, and, as to increasing the cost of food in England, this would be inappreciable ; while the enhanced revenue might serve to reduce the duties on tobacco, tea, &c. So low a tariff might certainly not effect any *great* improvement for the farmer, who is *chiefly* the sufferer by American imports ; but it would at least produce a clear financial gain, that might be applied to his advantage with perceptible profit. *Something* ought to be done ; it can never be sound statesmanship to allow a country like England to become entirely dependent, as she soon practically will be, on other distant lands to supply the food of her teeming millions ! What if a successful coalition were ever formed against her, or her Navy paralysed ? Such eventualities, though remote, are far from impossible, and *ought to be taken into consideration*.

Those who know me are aware I am no very pronounced churchman. Yet I see, and observe, and act on the principle enunciated by the late John Stuart Mill—who was far more philosopher than statesman—that an original thinker confers more benefit on his country (or society in general) than any number of mere workers.

This was, at any rate, his dogma, but I presume it admitted of some qualification, as *all* original thoughts are not wise ; but the *practice* no doubt itself tends to wisdom.

The question of the Disestablishment of the National Church is hardly as pressing a one as it was ; but there can be little doubt 'tis simply enjoying a respite. It's time is, I fear, inevitable. I am sure there must be many who conscientiously believe themselves to be actuated by the highest motives in promoting this movement, and that, by it, they are really doing God service. I am not ignorant of their lines of argument. I would, however, appeal to such if they have ever fairly examined the question in *all* its bearings ? By the "State Church," I understand the maintenance *by the State*, of the worship of the true God, and of the religion of Jesus Christ—which is the basis on which the throne of England, the thrones of Europe generally, *i.e.*, Christendom—were undoubtedly *all established*. It is not a

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question of altering the *form* of the thing, *that* is an entirely separate consideration. It is *to do away with Christianity as a national profession altogether*. In other words it is for the people of England to say, "We know nothing of religion in government at all. Turk, Pagan, Infidel, Heretic (I do not insult a "Jew" by including his name. To class the chosen people of God, "from whom, according to the flesh, Christ came," with those who blaspheme, and deny him, is at least repugnant to modern sentiment) "*all* shall be fit subjects—equally with Christians—to legislate for the British Nation, that, for upwards of 1,000 years, has professed Christianity!" This course indicates such a National apostacy—such a repudiation of the basis of all England's history—that I cannot doubt it will prove the beginning of the end of that glorious Empire. It is not enough that there will be an abundant supply of zealous Christians still left in the land. A country stands or falls in the Divine judgment by the policy of its *Rulers* (who are the rulers in England, but the majority of her people?) It was not the *people* of the Jews universally that crucified the Christ, but "their rulers"—the High Priest and Sanhedrim—the Roman power assenting, and the people approving, and although numbers assented not to their deed, yet "wrath came on that people to the uttermost." The two cases are not cited as absolutely analogous. They are certainly not this; but sufficiently so, as national proceedings to involve a *warning*. There is no similiarity with a free un-State supported religion as in America. That has grown up with the growth of a number of independent communities who have since resolved themselves into a nation. (And after all, let the votaries of a voluntary system impartially examine its working and practical effect on this Continent; I challenge the verdict!) The questions are wholly different. America never possessed a National, State-supported, religion as the inherent basis of her Constitution, and, therefore, cannot cast it off. She does not belong to the Monarchical States of Europe; and, therefore, her position is in no way analogous.

To me the very idea of such repudiation by a nation seems impious; and I cannot but hope, that, in my day at least, the enemies of European State supported religion may never triumph.

Still, as the principle of not confining the legislation of a Christian country to Christians—or at least to professors of faith in a living God—has been admitted, in itself a sad defection, I cannot think very hopefully of the future.

The Tripartite alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy seemed, for the time, to assure the peace of Europe, but the war-cloud is again looming darker than ever. Russia and France, as usual, are the sources of disquiet; both countries, in which the upheaving of political elements are the most threatening, producing in nations, as is always the case unless kept under, restlessness and aggressiveness towards other States. France has little or no prospect of settled government under a Republic. She has enjoyed no period of absolute tranquillity since it was established. Russia is ever acting under an assumed inspiration of destiny—the legacy of her Peter the Great—pursuing which, with consistent tenacity of purpose, renders her always dangerous. Germany, enjoying a patriotic cohesion among her people (notwithstanding the existence in her midst of a strong Socialist element), that is in itself a tower of strength; and this, supplemented by her unequalled military organisation, and its perfect efficiency in every detail; above all, guided still by the same heads and iron will that made her so victorious over France, seems to be indomitable. Against France I make no question she will triumph again whenever the trial comes. Russia I cannot but esteem as a very over-rated military power, except as to *numbers*. What great achievement in arms has she ever accomplished? In the Crimea in any real chance of an engagement in the open as against our own troops, though always so greatly outnumbered, she never obtained a success. Against Turkey alone she prevailed certainly, though Plevna, with all her numbers, proved a hard nut to crack; and even there, had the Turks possessed a few resolute British officers, as at Kars, the result might have been different. Since the introduction of breech-loaders *numbers* have obtained an advantage! though a lack of organisation or discipline might well turn this the other way. Notwithstanding that considerable patriotism, and machine-like obedience to orders, obtains in the Russian army, *corruption* is said to be unbounded throughout her military system, and a

prolonged campaign against such a Power as that of Germany, would soon find this out. Austria ought to have an efficient army, but Austria-Hungary is less homogeneous as a nation than Germany, which itself is diminished strength. Italy co-operating also should 'be an over-match for Russia and France combined. But will it be three powers against two? Can England remain neutral? With her present Foreign Secretary she can hardly repeat the policy that in the American Civil War made her the enemy of *both*. "They that are not with us are against us," is the usual verdict of States, especially in a hard struggle. England can never afford to pursue so selfish a policy; it would be one tending forcibly in the future to make her the subject of an adverse coalition. Turkey, too, would add important strength to the side she espoused. Russia is said to be offering terms of amity in India as the price of England's neutrality in Europe. It is not to be trusted; she is ever following one course, and no promises, engagements, or even treaties, will restrain her one moment when she sees her opportunity. A serious crisis seems impending, in which all the nations of Europe will probably be, more or less involved. The greatest security for individuals no doubt will be found where social order and obedience to the law is most general. In *this* view, though I disesteem and denounce much that I observe in the lesser provincial governments, at least, in this country, it cannot be disputed that Canadians, as a rule, are a very law-abiding and orderly people. We have no riotous outbreaks or lawless processions in Manitoba and the North-West.

This arises as much from the fact that immigrants from Europe are not derived from the lowest classes of the populations; rather are they to be considered as the *élite* of those classes. Probably, too, the fact that most people out here are the possessors of some property, is a factor in favour of order. Few persons are so conservative as those who have something to lose by disorder; and, in this light, a more extensive distribution of the land among the people of the United Kingdom might seem to be desirable; but to this the insuperable objection is that, if the farmer with capital, buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, cannot make the land pay, how is the peasant

proprietor, living from hand to mouth, and without those advantages, to make a living out of it?

On the whole, I believe Manitoba, or the North-West, offers as good a country at the present time for quiet people to reside in as any in the habitable globe.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALL our business in London being completed, we had yet one more visit to pay. So, sending off all our heavy baggage to Liverpool, we on September 23rd started for Newark, in Nottinghamshire, by Midland Railway, changing at the town of Nottingham, which is very near to it.

Newark is a fine old agricultural market town, of which the most interesting feature is its castle, an old ivy-grown ruin now, but once a famous feudal stronghold; rich, no doubt, if those stones could tell them, in many a thrilling tale of tragedy, romance, and probably of horror too! Here it was that King John died. Centuries after it figured in the wars of the Commonwealth, was four times besieged by the Parliamentary forces, and finally dismantled by Cromwell. Charles I. was imprisoned here. It is a most interesting ruin, carrying one back over the lapse of so long a period of time, and the historic scenes of which it has been the theatre. The Trent runs close under its walls. Its appearance is most picturesque and a spot altogether (with its adjacent rich meadows) where imagination will always love to rest and feed. The ruin itself is being now enclosed in grounds to be laid out as a public park or garden, as the Jubilee Memorial of the town. The Parish Church is a beautiful example of the perpendicular style of architecture, having a spire 300 ft. in height. It was some years ago completely restored by that eminent ecclesiastical architect Sir Gilbert Scott. The interior also is fine, the stained glass windows being specially deserving of notice. We attended service there on the Sunday, at which the Dean of Lincoln preached—it being a thanksgiving sermon for the harvest. Reviewing the present condition of

agricultural and commercial depression and attendant destitution, he took occasion to say that "whatever physical remedies might be applied, there were causes at work (social, religious, political) that must be regarded and removed before any real improvement could be looked for;" a sentiment in which I felt entirely at one with him. There is a good market in Newark, both for corn and cattle, as it is quite an agricultural centre; a public library and reading-room, some excellent shops, and a few other objects more or less interesting.

While here, and partaking of very free and spontaneous hospitality—wholly through friends settled in Manitoba—I went over by train and visited Lincoln, distant about fifteen miles. Few places will better repay a visit to the antiquarian and archæologist. It is an exceedingly interesting old Norman town—probably the oldest in England—having been a flourishing mercantile emporium at the time of the Conquest; and is full of Roman remains of great antiquity. A Jews' House (the Jews were the only people in those days who used two-storied houses), an Arch of singularly perfect preservation—and in imagination one could realise those sturdy Roman warriors of the time of Julius Cæsar passing on with measured tramp under this very bridge, through which a well-frequented thoroughfare runs to this very day! The Castle is another interesting old building, perched on a high hill commanding the town, and a most extensive view all round, with ramparts and towers encircling it. The interior, which is a considerable space of fully a couple of acres, is kept in good order, in walks, lawns, and fruit garden; but the building now within is quite a modern one, and used as a court-house and prison; and, moreover, in a very singular position (for such a purpose), up a very steep flight of steps, I found a small inclosed burying ground, with numerous graves of no distant date (whether of criminals or paupers I could not ascertain); but apprehend the former, it being a place for executions.

This Castle was also besieged and taken by the Parliamentarians (What havoc they wrought among antiquities!) Admittance is through a well-defended gateway, and here a visitors' book is kept, in which I entered my name as from Manitoba, observing, as I did so, that many Canadian and American visi-

tors had been here before me. The finest feature in Lincoln, however, is its Cathedral. This is a superb structure, alike within and without, and its unrivalled position—like the Temple at Jerusalem—built on a high hill, “beautiful for situation,” makes it visible as a landmark for many miles around. It was founded in the twelfth century by Hugh of Avalon. Inside the stained glass windows are very numerous, and wonderful in the extreme beauty and brilliance of their colours. The height of the highest tower (of which there are three) is 300 feet. The purity of the air has kept the light-coloured stone (a local free-stone) of which it is built as bright almost as at the first, leading to the impression that the edifice must have been recently restored; but this is not the case. It boasts the possession of the famous bell, one of the largest, if not the largest, in England, “Great Tom of Lincoln.” Many an hour might very enjoyably and very profitably be spent in this fine old town, rich as it is in so many Norman and Roman antiquities. Its principal street runs on an incline all the way from the railway station (of which there are two—Midland and London and North-Western—but both near together) towards the Cathedral, but that itself is approached (from that side at least) by a gradient about the steepest I ever saw on a public thoroughfare. Though possessing a roadway and a paved sidewalk, I should consider it quite in practicable for wheeled carriages. Many young ladies and gentlemen were ascending it, as it was the afternoon service hour at the Cathedral, but I saw none of any advanced years attempting to do so. I am well accustomed to steep hills myself by considerable practice in climbing in the Himalayas, and elsewhere, but this was as tough a bit of steep walking as I had ever tackled.

While waiting at the railway station, I observed several public notifications setting forth the advantages of Manitoba and the Canadian North-West; and, being such a decidedly agricultural district, this ought to attract attention, but hitherto I am not aware that I have ever met any one out here who claimed connection with that part of the United Kingdom. I also visited Southwell, another seat of a Bishopric. The Cathedral was of course far inferior to that of Lincoln, but still a handsome pile,


with the old ruin of the Bishop's Palace close at hand. The town is very small as the possessor of such a church, which I was under the impression alone (*i.e.*, being a Cathedral) elevated it to the dignity of a city. In point of fact 'tis no more than a village, with a few good private residences, and a market, but this solely for *cattle*, as it appeared, for it was market day, and with otherwise more stir than I expect it often witnesses. Some steeple chases were going on a short distance from the town, and these attracted, as usual, a very "mixed multitude" of a class that, whether on railway platforms or elsewhere, are more agreeable by their "room than their company."

One evening in my friend's smoking room, we were joined by a gentleman who controls one of the banks in the town; and who, to my surprise, seemed to know all about the differences existing in Manitoba between that province and the Canadian Pacific Railway there. The source of his information was that as a financier, he was interested in the shares of that Corporation; and so—as there must be two sides to an argument, and he was of course with the shareholders—I espoused the cause of the province, though certainly out of no hostility to the railway. After a vigorous discussion, in which the cause of the C. P. R. was very ably sustained, our host, who acted as umpire, pronounced his verdict, I think, on the side of those, who, like myself, consider monopolies injurious at all times to all parties affected by them.

After a few more days very enjoyably spent with our friends at Newark, from whom, as a matter of fact, it was difficult to get away, we went on to Liverpool, *via* Nottingham and Derby. The season had now entirely broken up; sunshine was getting extremely scarce; we had constant showers on some days, followed towards evening by that damp, raw, frosty air, producing a temperature which, when tested by the thermometer, though it appears so mild, is nevertheless more trying and more cheerless than almost any amount of our North-West Canadian cold. People would never credit me, and always gazed in amazement, when I told them I was returning by preference to Manitoba for the winter, as I so greatly preferred it to that in England. The idea of Manitoban cold current in the United

Kingdom—though I had expected by this time to have found juster conceptions of it—is that of an arctic severity, in which one leads a miserable existence of trying to maintain enough heat to keep body and soul together! Nothing could possibly be more ridiculous ; or contrary to the fact. As a rule, we often suffer more from heat than cold during winter, because our houses are generally too warm ; but—though certainly at times out of doors the temperature is severe—we get so much bright sunshine as not much to notice it. After all, admitting that the month of January is rigorous—it usually is so—when that is past our winter is practically over, to this extent, that having during its continuance got thoroughly inured to the lowest condition of the atmosphere, what we experience subsequently does not appear cold at all. In proof of this I may mention that once having an extra fur robe I wished to dispose of, and offering it to a party I heard required one, toward the end of *January*, he replied, “I *did* want one but winter is over now!” The greatest drawback in our winters is their *length*. In the country, if desiring a walk, one is restricted to the beaten tracks, on account of the snow ; unless, indeed, adventurous enough to don a pair of snow shoes, with which we may walk in any direction. I have rarely, however, met with people whose objection, after two or three years’ residence, has been either to the cold, or the winter itself, in Manitoba.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HILE in Liverpool, waiting until the completion of business in hand should enable me to start on the return voyage to Canada, I planned visits to several interesting places, but all were not practicable ; as, on most days, during some portion of them, I had engagements of an important character that prevented my setting out sufficiently early to accomplish them.

I took, however, Manchester first. It was not only the most accessible, but had unquestionably superior claims, inasmuch

as an Exhibition had been going on there all the summer (as a commemoration of the Jubilee) that ranked high among the Lions of this in every respect remarkable season in England. I desired, too, to acquaint myself personally with a City of such historic reputation; such a centre of industrial energy; the very Metropolis of the manufacturing and mechanical forces of the world.

Half-an-hour took me by train to the City, and but a few minutes more might have landed me at the Exhibition doors—for I took my ticket at the Railway Station at Liverpool—but, being unacquainted with the locality, I found that by prematurely resigning it, I left myself a distance of fully two miles to traverse by road, which caused me considerable delay; although abundant means of conveyance offered by tramcars, omnibuses, and cabs.

Notwithstanding that this Exhibition had already been open to the public for nearly five months, so great was its popularity that the interest taken in it seemed but very little diminished; as the main building was still fairly filled, while special sections and departments, and supremely the Picture Galleries (Fine Arts) and the extensive Machinery in Motion, were altogether inconveniently crowded. It forms no part of my purpose to offer a description in detail of this highly interesting and eminently instructive collection of works of art, science, and industry. My opportunities for doing this were wholly insufficient; but I could not fail to be impressed by two or three departments that seemed to me to present superior claims, and, among them, I must certainly assign the first place to the Irish Section; because, not only does everything connected with Ireland at the present time appear to have a special interest through its being the political question of the day—but, also because I confess I was wholly unprepared for what I may not incorrectly describe as a complete Exhibition of itself. Almost every class of self-produced industry of that country was here in evidence as to its resources; from cotton and woollen yarns to railway locomotives and tramcars; powerful steam engines, and even lighthouses; granites, too, and marbles; with furniture, and tailors' work. Photography constituted quite an

independent department of itself, and was one of extraordinary merit; nor were the interests of such prominent staples of Ireland as whiskey, stout, butter and bacon allowed to suffer by their absence. To myself, also, the exhibit of several new patterns of the national jaunting car, with all the latest improvements, was a source of much gratification; because, having frequently used them in parts of England, and realized their handiness, I have often longed for the possession of one in Manitoba (not, of course, for the winter, except it be on runners) where the capacity of the well, and the accommodation for three or four persons on two wheels only, would make them specially suitable for our often very rough, heavy, and sometimes nearly impracticable roads. Although not a particularly large section, it was wonderfully varied and complete; and, before leaving it, I cannot forbear noting that, while contemplating the undeniable illustrations here afforded of the ingenuity, science and skill of this singularly gifted people, I was longing for some evidence on the part of the contributors—belonging as they did apparently, though not at all in equal proportions, to all four provinces—as to *their* sentiments on this burning question of Home Rule. Representing so largely the intelligence, the wealth, the sterling qualities of the country's population, it can hardly be disputed that opinions and desires from such sources should carry infinitely more weight than the persistent demands and declamations of any number of mere politicians, or of those simply connected with the soil. Do the former really believe that the *régime* of Messrs. Parnell and Co., and political divorcement from England, would advance their interests, or promote the extension and prosperity of those industries here so advantageously illustrated? I cannot conceive it; nor does such view seem at all reconcilable with the expressed object of the Exhibition itself, which was stated to be "A *National* Exhibit of Arts, Science, and Industry to Commemorate the Jubilee Year of the Reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." Surely active participation in such an object must be accepted as distinctly expressive of loyalty to Her Throne and Person, and Allegiance to Her Government.*

* This question has further received (since the above was written) the

The next most interesting and popular section was unquestionably the Machinery in Motion. It was most appropriate, that, in the very cradle of mechanical invention and of manufacturing industry, this Department should be made the most conspicuous feature; and it seems hardly possible that the section could by any means have received more ample development than it did here. The continuous succession of different machines of infinitely various kinds and purposes was perfectly bewildering, all, too, driven and kept in constant motion by ten Galloway boilers of 400 horse-power each, and supplying 200 tons of pipes throughout the building. Some conception, therefore, may be formed of the amount of steam supply and motive-power. To one like myself, with military instincts, the exhibits of the Sir Joseph Whitworth Company had naturally the most attractions, including, as they did, examples of armour-plating pierced by the famed steel shells used in their breech-loading ordnance; and also a shell itself very little the worse after pass-through such a fiery ordeal. Printing, spinning, weaving, washing, book-making, sawing, planing, and many other machines were all in motion. Nor less popular, by any means, was the active manufacture of confectionery, preserves, sweetmeats and chocolates, while very specially patronised was the creamery, which in action was daily providing constant supplies of dairy delicacies to appreciative customers.

My visit here, as to most other places, was necessarily a limited one. This department alone afforded subjects for wonderment and instruction that might well have occupied days. Nor could less be said of several other sections, notably, India and the Colonies, to both of which, possessing as they do extreme interest to myself personally, I was precluded from giving anything more than a tithe of the attention they well deserved.

The Fine Arts Section (Picture Gallery) had been frequently mentioned to me as one of unusual merit, and for a provincial city—even of the magnitude and importance of Manchester—almost unprecedentedly so, demanding as it did, no less than *twelve*

most complete response in the Assembly that recently met in Dublin to do honour to Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen; nor less by Mr. Chamberlain's previous reception in Ulster.

different rooms, or galleries, for their inspection. Two days at least might well have been spent here; no less would suffice to do any justice to the numerous examples of such eminent painters as Miss Thompson (Lady Butler), Holman Hunt, Frith, Burne-Jones, Millais, Alma-Tadema, Clarkson Stanfield, Turner, Grant, Leighton, Eastlake, Cox and many others, the rapid observation of whose works, enjoined on me, compelled the hiding of my diminished head, lest I might—as I must have—court attention by such apparent lack of all artistic appreciation. One incident, however, I must chronicle. In Gallery IV., hanging rather high up on the wall was a picture by Caton Woodville (well-known by his contributions to *The Graphic*) representing a military incident of considerable historic value, though of melancholy retrospect, and having, moreover, special interest for myself, whose attention at the time it was engaging, "Saving the Guns at Maiwand." While carefully scanning its details, two young gentlemen at my elbow—who from their appearance should have known better—exchanged the following dialogue:—

A. (With marked interest.)—"Ah! What picture's that?"

B. (Consulting catalogue.)—"Saving the Guns at Mawund."

A. (Confidently.)—"Oh, yes; I recollect, one of our affairs with those Zulus."

B. (Innocently.)—"Yes, I remember."

Both *exeunt* entirely satisfied with the unquestionable accuracy of their information! It ought to be unnecessary to add that the locality was Maiwand in Afghanistan, and was a painful episode in that disastrous affair—which was retrieved by Sir Frederick Robert's gallant march on Candahar—wherein our troops through the grossest blundering of those in command, experienced a fate not much dissimilar from that which befell a wing of the unfortunate 24th Regiment at Isandhlwana, which was a "Zulu affair," and with which—obviously not being well posted in either geography or history—these two young men confounded it. The one, however, was in Northern India, and the other in Southern Africa, a somewhat important difference, showing that the "schoolmaster" is still often "abroad," notwithstanding all the supposed advances in education. I must not omit, among several other very interesting models of places and things, an

excellent one, on quite a grand scale of the Manchester Ship Canal, distinctly showing all the features of the country through which it is to pass. It repaid examination, and gave a capital idea of this colossal undertaking; which, now it has been actually commenced, will no doubt become in time, "*un fait accompli*," leaving the *main* question as to the "money in it" for after decision.

Having brought my much too rapid survey of this most admirable Exhibition to a close, I proceeded to view as well as I could the city itself. Being rather a dull day, and the weather decidedly autumnal, I confess I was seriously repelled by the insufferable blackness and dinginess—notwithstanding the unquestionable merit of the architecture itself—of all its many fine public buildings. In these northern manufacturing towns, all vomiting out from their multitudinous chimneys such volumes of the blackest and most offensive smoke, fine architecture is absolutely thrown away. It becomes so begrimed with soot, as almost entirely to lose the lines of beauty in which the designs were originally drawn. The most noteworthy structures are the Cathedral, in the perpendicular style of the 15th Century; Grammar School, educating from 900 to 1,000 students; Athenæum, Corn and Royal Exchanges, &c., &c. The Town Hall, however, demands separate mention, as it is an exceedingly handsome structure—as, indeed, it ought to be—having cost hard upon a million sterling! In front of it stands a pretty spiral Gothic canopy covering a life-like statue of the late Prince Consort.

I noticed too, in one of the chief sites of the business part of the city, a statue to Oliver Cromwell, stated on its base to have been recently erected by a lady in the neighbourhood—doubtless an ardent admirer. Somehow, as I gazed on it, it occurred to me, that, if that sturdy old soldier—for soldier he was, and soldierly were his methods—were living at the present day, very few of his *professed* admirers could consistently be in sympathy with him! I take it *he* would make short work of law opposers, and above all of those who are making themselves so notorious in Ireland just now. I opine too he would deem the term "coercion" had been wonderfully emasculated since he had the deal-

ing with rebellion against government in that unhappy country. "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*," may be received in explanation; but, however truthful, this can hardly, in such matters, be deemed satisfactory. I returned again to Liverpool by a train doing the thirty-five miles in but little over half-an-hour, and running every hour during the day. We stopped only at Warrington—a manufacturing town without the asking! I suppose decent people reside there; but, so black and repulsive did it seem, I could only be thankful my present lot was cast rather on the white snow-covered prairie with pure fresh air to breathe, than in an atmosphere of blackness, darkness and death, such as Warrington would most certainly prove to me.

CHAPTER XXIV.



HAD not been aware, until after I had visited the one at Manchester, that Liverpool also owned an Exhibition, and a Jubilee one too. Any person might reasonably have supposed that two such exhibitions of "works of science and art," as their names implied, would have been out of the question in one and the same county, and within a distance of thirty-five miles of one another. But the possibilities of the Jubilee Year have been altogether unbounded! Neither have either of them—so far as I could ascertain—been failures. In some respects, indeed, I even gave the preference to the smaller and less pretentious exhibition at Liverpool. It, too, was situated quite two miles from the heart of the city, at Herne-hill, which is a station of the North-Western Railway. It was, moreover, a reconstruction of a previous exhibition on the same ground. Its main feature was intended to be an illustration and exposition of the rival arts of "Peace and War," or more correctly, of "War and Peace," for assuredly war took precedence here. In this section great pains had been taken to get together and arrange an extraordinary number of instructive specimens of every form of combative instruments (ancient and modern), from the flint swords and other implements of the Stone Age—the earliest and rudest

—or the assegais and spears of this modern Zulu and Arab period, rude still in finish, but, as our troops have so recently realised, terribly effective at times in the hands of overwhelming numbers—to the 110 ton gun (a model only, but to all intents and appearance here a reality), the proportions of which are as follow: length 50 feet, weight of projectile 1,800 lbs., diameter of bore 16·5, range 11,000 yards ($6\frac{1}{4}$ miles) penetration, 30-in. armour plating at 1,000 yards, charge 428 lbs. of powder; a weapon so prodigious as apparently to require a good-sized ship for its sea freight; yet, in actual use at least by the Italian navy—every description of arms and armour was fully and admirably presented, and worthy of the closest observation. The Londesborough Collection was most extensive and complete; enough to form an independent museum of its own. Equally interesting, though less in number, were the arms exhibited from the Tower of London; and Birmingham—the great emporium of modern arms—illustrated herself by a trophy of these works forming an archway at the entrance wickets. Every circumstance, too, of modern warfare was here represented, both as to the accessories of battle itself, as hospital waggons, ambulances, stretchers, tents, and the *personnel* also, in some instances, supplied by uniformed dummies, &c. Almost all our campaigns of modern times likewise received illustration, in some one or more of their incidents, by pictures, models, or other realistic designs.

The Crimea—by the memorable charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, with a prominent portrait of Lord Cardigan, its leader, on his famous thoroughbred charger “Ronald,” whose head, stuffed (poor animal!), was near at hand, indicating at once the source of the courage of this now historic war horse. The Indian Mutiny, by a view of Lucknow and the Chuttur Munzil Palace, &c. The Abyssinian campaign by a regimental trophy of plate, having representations of its principal actions on the base. The Afghan wars by a view of the Khyber Pass, and a copy of the picture of the “Saving of the Guns at Maiwand.” China wars, too, received notice, and those with the Zulus by a view of Rorke’s Drift—the scene of that famous defence—and by arms and assegais used against our troops so disastrously by those swarthy but redoubtable warriors. But supremely were the

Egyptian wars represented, as being not only the most recent, but also because the nearer campaigns occur to home the more they are realised, and the more they are made of. This fact has often been sadly noticed by officers whose services, unfortunately for them, have been mainly performed in the usually harder contested, but more remote fields of India.

The heroic General Gordon, Lord Wolseley, Lord Charles Beresford, and his gallant deed on the Nile below Khartoum, with the steamer whose boiler was pierced by a shell, but repaired at the time by the engineer, thus enabling him to bring the troops back safely—and many others. Near this department, too, was an object that deeply touched my sympathies. It was *stated to be* the stuffed carcase of a charger that had borne itself bravely at the battle of Salamanca (1812). I say "*stated to be*" advisedly, inasmuch as (unhappy beast!) whatever may have been its figure or shape in those remote days, the taxidermist of the period had given it more the appearance of a giraffe than of anything akin to modern equine form. It struck me, however, as the greatest possible cruelty to reward the services of a once gallant animal, that apparently had served its day with marked distinction, by making it the perpetual laughing-stock of succeeding generations! I even deemed it a proper and fit subject to have enlisted the attention of that admirable institution the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to which even now I commend it!

Exploration was set forth by many life-like models of the Arctic regions, as also of Somali Land in Africa, and of some other countries, and all these were made so extremely real by the addition not only of the special physical features of the countries, in mountains, rivers, lakes, jungles, &c., but by the introduction of models of the very animals also belonging thereto.

The section devoted to our colonies, alike in Asia, Africa, America and Oceania was admirable, and I think better, at least more effective, than at Manchester. India and Canada were naturally the most interesting to me, and the resources of the latter were very well displayed. Grain of every kind. Wheat, barley, oats, beans, peas, rye, maize, &c., were here in telling samples; and I noticed (what, having endeavoured myself to

introduce in Manitoba, I thought had been unknown to Canadian cultivation) a very excellent example of English (or Scotch) horse beans. These were shown among Quebec products. Woods of various kinds, coal, and even gold quartz, were also on view. The most useful form of exhibit, however, in my opinion, was in nine fine oil paintings of unusual size and detail, that were executed for the Indian and Colonial Exhibition of last year. These were really valuable. Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg (with its Main Street and Town Hall, very realistically rendered), and other Canadian cities; while Cape Town, a well remembered locality, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, &c., were "all there," and given in a manner specially adapted to familiarize people at home with the actual circumstances of these places.

The impediments to emigration are no doubt very largely connected with the imagination. There is a natural repugnance in most minds to *expatriation*, the final—as supposed—severance of all direct association with persons and places, with which, perhaps, our very earliest days have been identified. The idea is that everything is distant, foreign, unhomelike; and therefore out of sympathy. But, when people are made to see with their own eyes a *fac simile* of things existent in all respects much as at home, and (as in the case of Canada at all times) only a few days' journey off, that aversion becomes removed, and it is the very object of this little volume to accentuate this, and to show that Colonial life is not only not essentially different from Home life, but that—so far as any part of *this* country is concerned—almost anyone of energy may anticipate a return (though few ever elect to stay!) and that they will find the period passed in absence has undoubtedly much enhanced the enjoyment of such re-visit.

At 3 o'clock a special Exhibition was afforded by an American styling himself "Mexican Joe," and offering to Liverpool very much the same kind of fare as that the more famous "Buffalo Bill" did in London. This individual was a handsome, "Wild-West" looking fellow enough; and, with his representative cowboys, Indians, Mexican saddles, mustangs, &c., &c., went through his performance much on the same lines as followed at

Earl's Court, Brompton ; but he had the misfortune to be *after* the gallant "Colonel" ; and, though his show seemed highly popular, it fell tame enough upon us, the more as it was outside, and the weather was raw, dull, and wet underfoot ; so that we soon left it, all the details—even to the attack by Indians on the United States Mail—being what we had witnessed before. I subsequently saw the Mexican and his troupe on more than one occasion perambulating in Indian file the chief streets of the town ; but, however picturesque their appearance with suitable surroundings, in the bustling and crowded thoroughfares they were as much out of place as hansoms or omnibuses would be on the prairie ! The pictures, as at Manchester, were as attractive as any of the other sections ; for, in them again, military subjects (Peace and War) were still made the prominent feature. Though nothing like to the extent as *there*, many of the best British artists were here, too, represented by some excellent examples, while there were also prominent the works of several eminent French painters, with whom battle-scenes seem, as a rule to be more of a *specialité* than with our English school. I noticed first Lady Butler's (Miss Thompson) "Floreat Etona," an incident of that miserable Boer conflict at Laing's Neck, in South Africa—so disastrous, and so unworthy of us throughout—two young Etonians, now brothers in arms, displaying the "hereditary valour of their race." Bazéille, a battle of the Franco-German War (French) ; "Pour la Patrie," another fine French battle-piece ; the "Retreat from Moscow" ; "Kassassin—The Night Charge of the Household Cavalry in Egypt," by Caton Woodville, very interesting. But, for me, *the* picture was "The last moments of Isandhlwana," by O. G. Fripp, a truly pathetic piece of painting ! the remaining few fighting hard, and selling their lives dearly. The subject was one more than usually affecting for myself, inasmuch as in the green facings I recognised those of the same regiment that, now nearly 40 years ago, lost upwards of 500 men in less than an hour, in an action at which I was myself present ; and 19 officers of which corps I beheld dead in one tent after the battle ! Among them their brave, but rash leader, Brigadier Pennycuik, and his young son (Ensign in the same regiment), victims of his in-

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appreciation of the fact that he was attacking foemen worthy of his regiment's steel—the old Khalsa soldiery of the Sikh Nation, trained, as they had been, by French officers.

There were many other more or less interesting subjects on view; but, after Manchester, the collection appeared decidedly small.

Returning to the Ceylon and Indian Courts, where we found much to instruct, and even amuse, in the various products of the soil, handicraft, works of industry, models, &c., &c., we wound up our examinations by taking afternoon tea in one of these courts, in which this was made a speciality. We had no reason to complain of the fare; but rather painfully realized, that which all the day had been intruding itself rather unpleasantly on our notice, that these Exhibitions have limits, and that, under existing arrangements, when summer departs they need to close. In the month of October, the buildings become so cold, draughty, and cheerless, as exceedingly to mar the pleasure they are designed to afford. That the whole presented (this drawback excepted) a most interesting and creditable collection, profitable for study, and abounding in instruction and entertainment must be fully admitted, although, unfortunately, appearing to some disadvantage by reason of having so formidable a rival so near at hand in the larger Exhibition at Manchester.

CHAPTER XXV.

LIVERPOOL occupies the proud position of being the second city in the United Kingdom, both in commercial importance and in extent of population; while, as a seaport, it stands supreme. Its numerous docks cover an area of 1,031 acres, and their aggregate length is 19 miles! Its public buildings, too, are numerous, and mostly on a scale suited to its opulence and national position. Its finest unquestionably is St. George's Hall, a grand and extensive pile of Grecian architectural design, having in front of it equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Albert, a statue of Lord Beaconsfield, and some others. There is a fine club in Dale-street, of which, by the courtesy of a friend, I had an excellent opportunity of practical

inspection; and it seemed, in all its arrangements, second to nothing of the kind out of London. Although the town itself, and its immediate suburbs are black and dingy, and uninviting for residence, its eastern suburbs, towards The Prince's and Toxteth Parks, are very pretty, and abound in fine dwellings. The situation is high, and easily accessible from the city by tram-cars, and consequently much frequented. But railways also well serve many of the merchant princes and other opulent citizens of Liverpool, to reside at further distances than these. In addition to the constant communication with Birkenhead and other points on the Cheshire side of the river, by steam ferries, there is now the Mersey Tunnel, with its station in James Street. It works very easily and comfortably, and down below—to which passengers are lowered in a large room-like lift at the time of departure of each train—the appearance (except being brighter and tidier) is much the same as on the Metropolitan Railway in London. The tunnel is not, however, for the purpose of crossing the river only, but as part of a line of railway that already runs some distance into the country, and will no doubt have more important connecting links on both sides hereafter; but, at present, I was given to understand it is in a position of hostility towards most of the other lines that run into Liverpool. During a considerable part of the season, and while I was staying there, the city was suffering from a terrible scare on account of hydrophobia, and not without cause, many cases of really rabid dogs, and several terrible deaths therefrom, having occurred. I was walking in the streets on one occasion, with a friend, when he suddenly left me to converse with a gentleman who passed. On rejoining me he explained that the party he accosted had recently been bitten by a dog that was undeniably mad. The case was this. He owned a fine mastiff, and one day the dog bit him. He ordered his gardener forthwith to tie him up; he did so, but finding the animal fed well, and was apparently himself—conceiving the biting of his master to have been but a passing fit of ill-humour—in a weak moment he released the dog, which, immediately he was free, set upon and bit the gardener himself badly, then made off, and bit many others before it was captured and destroyed. Within a very short period this poor man died under all the well-recognized symptoms of

canine rabies, the dog having proved to be suffering therefrom. The position, therefore, of this unfortunate gentleman may be better imagined than described! My friend feelingly stopped to inquire as to his health, as also to speak cheerily to him. Hydrophobia still seems to be little understood—at least to the extent of obtaining any reliable remedy for so dire a disease. Although the system introduced and practised by Pasteur has many advocates (even to the extent of asserting that it has been effectual in 90 per cent. of its cases) yet by others this efficacy is as stoutly denied; and, on the contrary, the treatment itself is said to introduce a special type of disease of its own. Certainly, unless its value was indisputable, one might well object to be made the subject of an inoculation that would naturally itself infect with disease. It is stated in this country, with the utmost confidence, that a system of profuse sweating by vapour bath is an *absolute specific*, having been repeatedly attested. Its advocates assert that this treatment is opposed by the faculty as “unprofessional!” Be this so or not, the main consideration is an effective remedy (and one, too, without the ulterior risk inseparable from the Pasteur system) come from what quarter it may. The *rationalis* of the disease that usually passes as genuine hydrophobia (though it is questioned whether very many of even fatal cases are really so) seems to be that which is more or less applicable, under similar circumstances of *blood poisoning*, whether by dog, snake, rat, or any other bite. These bites no doubt contain, all of them, in greater or less degree, a virus the effect of which on the human system is determined by the constitutional condition of the bitten subject. A person in vigorous health, under the adoption of suitable treatment, survives; while, in all cases of a low, or depraved condition of the blood, and vital energies, they prove fatal. I have not heard of the result as to the *servant*—in the case of the late Lord Doneraile, bitten by a Fox while I was in England during the summer—but both he and his groom were subjected to the Pasteur treatment. The Earl, being old, and, probably, of an enfeebled constitution, died. His man, being young and vigorous, has, it is to be hoped, survived. Sometimes the most trifling occasions apparently are the causes of death—cutting of a corn, scratch of an old nail or of a cat, or wounds of various kinds. These

are but the *agents* that develop the disease latent in the system. In no other way can we account for the very uncertain working of the disease termed hydrophobia, which is one so terrible, that the dread the chance of it inspires is itself a potent factor—by its depressing the nervous system—in bringing it about. Singular it is that, neither in this country nor in India, though both infinitely hotter in summer, and dogs, of the class most likely to get disease, much more numerous, do we hear of canine rabies!

The Manchester Ship Canal—now in actual process of construction—seems to offer a serious menace to the port of Liverpool. Not only by itself diverting shipping traffic direct to the former city, but now also, it appears, by causing a fresh diversion on the part of the London and North Western Railway, in its own defence against the canal competition, to convert Holyhead into a port of arrival and departure, thereby avoiding the dangers of the *bar* at the mouth of the Mersey—a very substantial one, as too well known in my own experience, having been only saved as by a miracle from wreckage there one night about 30 years ago, when scores of other craft actually were wrecked, or entirely dismantled. This, if carried out, might prove very serious for the Dock interests of the city, which of late years must already have suffered greatly by the reduction—one might truly say almost extinction—of sailing ships, the absence of which in the Mersey now-a-days is a feature presenting a most remarkable contrast with its appearance only 25 years ago. Competition is rarely, however, permanently injurious to trade; rather do the docks suffer from want of it. In case of war, however, that just now seems so probable, should England be involved, Liverpool will no doubt find her docks, and waterways too, fully occupied, though hardly from *increase* of trade.

Unless—which can be hardly possible—Holyhead *be* developed into the rival her geographical position, with sufficient outlay of capital might make her, it does not otherwise appear likely that the volume of trade between America and England, all but a fraction of which comes to Liverpool, will do otherwise than continuously increase, especially as the ocean liners are ever receiving fresh development in size and speed. Some conception may be formed, by the uninitiated, of the capacity and demands

of these vessels from the following circumstance. The "Umbria" (one of the steamers of the Cunard Line) was one morning about to start, and, being at the Prince's Landing Stage, I saw a tender going off to her, as I supposed with emigrants. To my enquiry as to their nationality and destination, I was answered—(1) "They are all Liverpool men," and (2) "They are the stokers of the 'Umbria.'" These *ninety-nine* mens' duties were simply to heap on coal to, and clear away the ashes from, the furnaces of the ship, by three watches of thirty-three men each, continuously, night and day, from port to port! Not another duty do they perform. Engineers, trimmers, sailors, &c., are all pretty numerous additional; to say nothing of the army of stewards, waiters, cooks, bakers, &c., &c., that make up the *personnel* of these vast floating hotels, with their 560 to 600 saloon passengers, besides those in the intermediate and steerage departments!

The primary cause of coming to England, just when we did, was business demanding professional intervention to carry out. I had no particular connection with Liverpool, and yet experience has rather painfully taught me—if you *must* employ a lawyer be sure and secure a *good one*—and, as I conceived the best place to look for this, was among *business* men—men who want business, and not trifling, the material that in some places (not commercial) is nothing better—where should I expect to find capacity if not in Liverpool? That the issue of what are termed legal proceedings is too often—

"A shell for thee, a shell for the,
The oyster is the lawyer's fee."

I know too well. In this case, however—though a heavy pecuniary loss—consequent on the faithlessness of a trustee—was inevitable, I had the satisfaction of realising, that, but for the professional intervention I secured, it would have been very much greater.

The completion of this business then, after many delays, occasioning the postponement of our departure (though engaging berths, first by the "Sardinian," October 6th; then by the "Polynesian," October 14th), enabled us finally to fix it for the 20th by the "Parisian"—for which we accordingly made our preparations.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT has been popularly known as the "Manitoba Railway Dispute," was attracting considerable attention in England while I was there; and, as I conceived the real points at issue were very imperfectly understood, I wrote a letter to the *Times* on the subject, which duly appeared (August 29th.) The terms of confederation, by which Manitoba—heretofore a Colony of British North America—became a province of the Dominion of Canada, while reserving to each individual province the fullest amount of self government through a representative Parliament, retained for the federal authority (the Dominion Parliament) a right of vetoing any act that might be deemed inconsistent with the general good of the country.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway Company obtained their Charter, a concession of exclusive rights was made to that Corporation for twenty years as against any external competition; and, as Manitoba was represented in the Dominion Parliament at the time, this concession is held to be one in which she participated, and by which she must in honour be bound. To make a line of railway therefore that conducted to the boundary of the United States, to be met there by one of their lines, would be simply to divert the traffic from the Canadian Pacific Railway, and destroy the monopoly clause.

So far I think this question is beyond dispute, and seems simple enough; and that acting on this view of it the Federal Government have only exercised the undoubted constitutional right they possess of disallowing the construction of the road.

But there is an *audi alteram partem* side of the question that remains to be stated. It is true the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been a wonderful undertaking, and has conferred infinite advantages on the Dominion of Canada generally; but, so far as Manitoba is concerned, it is unquestionable, that, assuming, as was already the case, the province would, under any circumstances, have had railway communication, then the construction of the Pacific road, *as it has been*, has been productive to it of the gravest injury. Had the line gone no further than Brandon, or the present bounds of the province, for a period of two or three years, or until it had received some

development, and become fairly settled up—as it would rapidly have done—the question would have been wholly different; but, in deference to the terms on which the province of *British Columbia* entered into confederation, the Dominion Government, in *that province's interests*, and also—for this is a factor of much importance in the matter—to rapidly provide a line for *Imperial* strategic purposes, permitted its construction, as is well known, with such unprecedented rapidity, that it was completed, right through to the Pacific Coast, fully five years before the contract time!

The effect of this was very disastrous to Manitoba. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, possessing as they did immense tracts of the finest farming lands, alternately with the Government, on each side of their line—all these were thrown at once on the market in the shape of free grants. Land became a positive drug—the supply was infinitely in excess of any possible demand for years to come, and this occasioned that terrible collapse of land value in 1882 which inflicted such injury on this province.

Manitoba, at the time of the “boom,” was but enjoying the legitimate advantage of the fine lands she was just opening up to settlement; and she ought—as other settlements have—to have been permitted to continue this until it had been fairly accomplished. Instead of which, she was all at once made bankrupt by the too-rapid construction of the railway, and is fairly entitled to some form of compensation. Again, such a vast tract of country having been thus all at once opened up for settlement, it has become one long attenuated line—settlers too far separated from one another, and from that mutual society and co-operation which is the essence of all well-arranged colonies. They have had all the disadvantages of long journeys and heavy freights, with, as yet, comparatively few compensations. Now, such being the facts, it is extremely hard upon this Province now to deny her any relief, where she has sustained so much injury. Besides the right to build railways in any direction is fully enjoyed by the other provinces of the Confederation, and the denial to Manitoba is, therefore, specially arbitrary and unfair.

The advantages that British Columbia, and the Dominion at

large, as also the Imperial Government, derive from the possession of this road, are great and unquestionable, and should be paid for *by them*; and this could be easily effected by purchasing the monopoly right, and indemnifying the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for that which proves, in experience, to bear oppressively on one particular province.

It has not, however, been these circumstances alone that precipitated the course pursued by the provincial Government in persisting in the construction of what is known as the Red River Valley Railway in opposition to the Federal veto.

Evidently not realising this grievance aspect of the question, the Pacific Railway Company have seen only the advantages of the road itself to the province (they forget that Manitoba already *had* railway communication, and that it was inevitable this would be both improved and extended, whether it were carried to the Pacific or not, the route beyond Brandon is, as yet, productive of no benefit to her), and have conceived that the opposition to the monopoly clause was simply an act of vexatious hostility to the company, alike uncalled for, and undeserved; and, acting on this view their President last spring addressed a telegram to the Premier of the province containing threats, that, to say the least, were sadly injudicious. It was hardly possible that a community, under such circumstances, could forbear setting them at defiance. Whereas, had the President set forth the indisputable fact, that the Corporation's own interests in the real and permanent welfare of the province was second to none; and offered discussion and readiness, in an amicable spirit, to meet any reasonable grievances as to freights, &c., the *active hostility* which has been thus needlessly provoked, would never have arisen; and, if the differences could not have been thus reconciled, a *modus vivendi* might nevertheless have been arrived at that would have sufficed to tide over the question for a time; for even the continuance of the concession for an extra year or two, would be no small advantage in helping to consolidate the company's system, and thus affording that increased prestige, and precedence to which the Canadian Pacific Railway is so fairly entitled, and which must always make it the leading line *malgré* any amount of adverse competition.

At that time, however, the generally expressed desire was

simply to construct a short line—the cost of which the province itself is well able to bear—to connect with another short line at the boundary, and unite with the Grand Trunk Railway—itself a Canadian Railway—and thus provide a competing road to the Atlantic, almost exclusively through Canadian Territory. Restricted to this, I consider the concession to do so, not only fair and just to the province, but that which eventually would materially conduce to the advantage of the Pacific Railway itself. I regret, however, to observe that the matter seems now falling into the hands of those who have other ends in view, viz., connection with the Northern Pacific Railway of the United States. This would be *not* providing a fair competing road to the Atlantic, but would be an unquestionable injury to the Dominion at large. Such a scheme, therefore, I could in no way advocate, and it is a subject for congratulation that the “dispute” is, for the present at least, so far at rest from disunion among its promoters.*

There is a line of railway, however, that all Manitobians alike desire to see carried out—as this would prove with little doubt, of highest advantage to the North-West—commonly called the Hudson’s Bay Route.

This line by a road 600 miles long would proceed to Churchill or Hudson’s Bay, and bring Winnipeg within the same distance of Liverpool as Montreal—a saving of nearly 2,000 miles! It would be impossible to overrate the advantages of such a route, which seems to be fairly practicable to construct—the country presenting no insurmountable difficulties other than muskegs and swamps, and these only over a very limited portion of the distance. The duration of the open season of the Bay itself, however, can only be ascertained by actual experience, no steamers having heretofore been employed by the Hudson’s Bay Company, who, for yearspast have used the route for their own trading purposes, but solely with sailing vessels. It is anticipated that from four to six months of the year the Bay will be sufficiently clear of ice for purposes of steam navigation; and it

* Since above was written, this question has been happily settled in the Provinces’ interest, and the monopoly resigned by the C. P. R., on due compensation, as I suggested.

must always be remembered that the St. Lawrence River to Montreal is not usually open very much longer.

A corporation (known as the "Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay Railway Company") has, for the past two or three years, been in possession of a charter of construction; and a commencement of some forty miles of the road, starting from Winnipeg, has already been made, but the management seems to have fallen into hands that do not inspire sufficient confidence, for the work has now for some months been suspended.

Enterprise is no doubt a very valuable quality, but it is too frequently found in all countries that there is an enterprise which, while professedly seeking the public weal, is really and practically pursuing little beyond personal and selfish ends. This policy nowhere accomplishes high purposes. It is not only possible, but I hope extremely probable, that when some syndicate is formed for carrying out this great work, which will subordinate every other consideration to the sole purpose of constructing a *cheap* line in the interests of this country alone, the road will be built. On account of the special circumstances of the case, arising from the shortness of the season of navigation, the closest possible economy in construction is an imperative condition of success. If *thus* carried out, however, there can be little doubt but that, not Manitoba alone, but all the Northern and Western States of the American Union, will participate in a route of communication with the United Kingdom of very superior advantage.

CHAPTER XXVII.



HE return voyage to Canada had no special circumstances to signalize it. We had about the average class and description of passengers. No one very remarkable, if I except the admiral going out to take up the command in the Pacific, and his staff.

We were fortunate, at last, to have obtained passage by the best ship in the Allan fleet ("The Parisian"); a vessel quite of the first-class anywhere else, but when brought into comparison with those "greyhounds of the Atlantic"—"The Umbria" and

"Etruria," to wit, that, on the so much more frequented road to New York, and with the much keener competition, demanding the very fastest and best equipped ships that can possibly be built—appears, of course, to some disadvantage. Whether in the often ice-packed regions of the much further north track of the Canadian Liners, an equal speed would be safe, may be questionable; but there is no doubt a growing demand for an improved and accelerated mail service between this country and England, and probably before long some better ships may be started. At present "The Parisian" is the *best*, but her speed is, by 100 miles *per diem* and more, slower than either of the above-named vessels! Her saloon and music room are good, and the latter very pleasant, for ladies especially, being warm (in winter), cheerful, and conveniently situated. The ship's complement is about 160 saloon passengers, and thereby her "state rooms" are smaller than in some of the smaller vessels of the same line. We made the usual several hours' stay at Movile for the mails, anchoring in Lough Foyle in a position quite land-locked. Some of our party went on to visit Londonderry, and most went ashore; but the day was dull, and having had roaming enough of late we did not follow, as there seemed little to be seen.

From the Music Room—which is quite open by a central arrangement, admitting of the introduction very effectively of flowers and ferns, with the Saloon—the usual concert in aid of the Ship-Wrecked Mariners and Sailors' Orphans' Association was given. Our number was in all under 90, and £10 collected was a fair contribution. The performances were creditable, and enlivened by some amusing recitations by (among others) the Captain of the ship (Captain Smith, R.N.R.) who to his professional qualifications adds considerable skill as a humourist, and much social aptitude, a great desideratum in the commander of a good passenger ship.

The season of the year was later than we would have desired, (October-November), but this makes less difference than might be supposed. The weather was fine as could be desired to within a day's run of the Straits of Belle Isle. Here, as we were nearing the always cheerless-sounding coast of Labrador, we caught a stiff gale full in our teeth, with thick weather, critical at all times approaching land. But these trials were small compared

with the cold, driving, snow squalls that covered every external part of the ship with ice, making it a terror for those whose duties compelled them to be on deck ! I really did feel for the Captain ; for though he occasionally appeared in the saloon with his usual cheery manner, those with experience of the sea were well aware it was a very anxious period for him. With the utmost confidence in his skill, however, we turned in that night, though tossing about in a very lively, and to most, far from agreeable manner ; but about 2 a.m. I awoke to find we were bowling along as smoothly as in a river, having entered the land-flanked Straits about midnight, and now all was serene. At Quebec again we got another storm just as we arrived, about 10 a.m., and this, snowing heavily all day through besides, made it impossible for us to move again until following morning. We had been about the average time—eight days from Movile. Some pleasant sunshine cheered us up the St. Lawrence throughout all the forenoon of Sunday, and we commenced to disembark at Montreal about 4 p.m., but the usual delays of Custom House, &c., made it dark before we could all get ashore. We stopped at the Lawrence Hall Hotel (more conveniently situated and a very good house, but still not equal to The Windsor, where we stayed on our last outward journey) until the following evening, trying to recover our luggage (heavy portion of it) that had inadvertently been taken off the ship at Quebec, and which we did not see again until reaching Winnipeg. Montreal seemed busy—but in such a mess ! Deep snow had fallen all the previous day, and now it was thawing just as fast as it fell ; and it was really difficult to get about at all. We left for Manitoba by a Canadian Pacific train starting at 8.30 p.m. It was mild enough outside, but in the Pullman was distressingly hot (it was full), and with all the wraps, robes, rugs, coats, &c., &c. that one has to carry about to meet the varied vicissitudes of climate and temperature incidental to such a long journey so late in the season—to say nothing of the inevitable hand-bags, packages, portmanteaux, for which (most inconveniently) no provision whatever is made in a sleeping car—it was altogether a caution ! The bed arrangements at night appropriate all the space that is under the seats by day, and there is really no place whatever for luggage, which, in several

days' continuous journey, is indispensable. It occasioned us serious trouble, and we were not alone. Some cupboard, or special arrangement of some kind, ought to be provided. The porter, if pressed, puts your things away in the lavatory; but then *that* is incommoded; and, after all, to do this is an act of grace, whereas provision ought to be made as a *right*. The journey homewards by rail to Manitoba had been so recently traversed in our journey homeward to England, it presented few fresh features, only that now we saw many parts of the line that previously we passed at night. All that portion of it, particularly that skirts Lake Superior from Heron Bay to Port Arthur, including Jack Fish Tunnel, and the singular S-like windings of the road, and cuttings thereabout, which were now seen to considerable advantage, and are very picturesque. The entire way from Montreal the conditions of the climate had varied almost daily. The ground, for the first day and a-half, had a fair fall of snow on it, which after this diminished again to very little. Then we passed very deep snow for many miles, leading to the impression that winter had set in in earnest, and that we were fast running into it. From Port Arthur, however, there was very little; and, long before we reached Winnipeg, every trace of snow had disappeared. Unfortunately here, instead of being met, as we confidently expected, through the failure of the post, and culpable ignorance, at the Steamer Railway Offices in Winnipeg, of the arrival of "The Parisian" at Montreal—which to enquiries on previous days they denied to have taken place—we were for a time placed in a very awkward position, aggravated by the fact that, though beautifully clear and bright overhead, it was blowing a gale, and with it such a terrible amount of dust—(think of dust blowing in November in these supposed Arctic regions!)—as to make it most unpleasant to get about. Finally, after some difficulty in securing a pair-horse trap, light and easy enough for us to ride in, and yet strong enough to carry our somewhat serious amount of luggage, we started for Headingley, where our most unexpected appearance was as startling as it was welcome. I find, on return here, that Manitoba and the North-West generally have enjoyed a remarkably good harvest season—the best for some years past. And although this is not so

apparent in this neighbourhood—where comparatively little grain is grown—yet further West it is a very substantial fact. It is calculated that there will not be less than twelve million bushels of wheat for export, which taken at half-a-dollar (2s.) per bushel (quite the very lowest figure) will represent a money value of six millions of dollars (or considerably over £1,000,000 sterling) to the country. This is a vast boon to the farmers, and should prove an unmistakeable stimulant for all having thoughts of settlement in North-West Canada.

My own sons, animated by a reasonable spirit of enterprise, have opened a Store in Winnipeg, in connection with their Farm, for the sale of *produce*—thus establishing direct communication between themselves and consumers—a course that I observed while in England to be especially urged on farmers there, as their only chance, under the present keen competition from foreign countries. (This one being a chief offender, and with no signs of repentance for the future!) The scheme already promises good results; the more that it has enabled them to tender for, and *secure*, the contract for the year for the supply of forage to the School of Infantry in Winnipeg, of some 60 horses, with a turnover alone of some £1,000 a year—the bulk of which they can supply hereafter off their own farm. In fact their tender (which this advantage enabled them to make) was so far below the previous contract, that I do not see how any (at present at least) can compete with them. I think this seems to speak for itself. My sons have been here now seven years; they have had to encounter excessively hard times—times as different from what were contemplated in the first year of their experience—when I wrote my “Year in Manitoba”—as could well be conceived. I have often felt lest some of the many who acted on that “good report of the land” that it gave, may have had reason to reproach me as a deceiver. I have never met with any such; on the contrary, I have been thanked by *many* that ever they read the book. Yet I fear not a few have come here who were *not* of the class I urged to do so.

I have endeavoured now to write from *facts*; not, as before, necessarily from anticipation. I have never had a moment's cause to regret that I brought my sons out here. I could never possibly have done anything like for them at home as they

have done here. Except, too, to visit it, they have not themselves the remotest desire for return to England. I have relatives and friends there, cotemporaries and senior to them, in learned professions, &c., whose position is not to be compared with theirs. They had no special advantages to start on—at least, not pecuniary. We had not more than £100 for them to commence with when we arrived here, *i.e.*, by way of *capital*. They have had to work hard, and for a long time, against a strong ebb tide; and they have not shirked it. Henceforth each year will bring diminished toil, and increased fruits. “It is well to bear the yoke in *youth*.” If this secures competence and independence in riper, and especially in declining years, there is never any cause to repine. In the mother country, unhappily, too many cannot supply for the present, and are hopeless for the future! I do not expect every one to have the energy, or even the industry, of my boys; and they have derived some little advantage from my own personal superintendence of their specially business transactions; but, with their farming operations I have never had anything to do.

There is a future here for qualities that alone command success anywhere. Those qualities, as described in an earlier chapter, are essentially purpose, industry, courage. With *these* no man here can fail. He may not become a rich man, but he will enjoy a sense of independence. Not that independence, however, that is too often out here mistaken to mean that “Jack is as good as his master”—a sentiment that prompts men to dispense with every expression of common courtesy, or kindness of feeling towards all who, by education or any other circumstance, happen to be in any better social position than themselves, but the sense that he is in a position to provide by his own honest efforts for himself and family, and that he has a future of *hope* before him. I am far from wishing it to be inferred that the country has *no* drawbacks; assuredly it has. (But where is the country just now without any?) For myself I consider the *system* of Government,* as I have before stated, is the chief one.

To suppose that men, because they are merely respectable

* So many small Parliaments.

citizens, are fit to be made into legislators and cabinet ministers, as we have been recently experiencing here—or that parliamentary institutions can be efficiently worked by *anyone*, without any previous training or qualification (on the principle I heard mooted that “you cannot tell what a man is until you have tried him”)—is what is bringing *such* self-government everywhere into contempt. Still younger men don't see these things as I do; though the difficulty exists the same. How is a country to be expected to *prosper* administered by incompetent persons? *This* is the great hindrance here now; and is a question of far more importance for weal or ill than all the summer frosts, or adverse seasons, or monopolies, of which so much more is heard than they at all deserve.

We must live in hope; the province is still young, and its future, with very many decided advantages in its favour, is before it. Since our return we have increasingly realized the value of the *climate*. The weather for the most part has been charming—clear, bright, and invigorating. At first, though it was the middle of November, I was enabled, during many days, to turn up all my flower beds. (The garden has always been my speciality; and not neighbours only, but many far and near, know what an attraction it has been. Neither in England nor in France, though I greatly admired the masses and arrangement of the flowers, did I see anything at all equal to their luxuriance of growth and brilliancy of colouring out here.) My asparagus beds, too, I was able to salt-dress and prepare for early spring. Finally, I accomplished that which I had been apprehensive of being able to complete—the manufacture and cellaring of my winter stock of home-brewed ale, a matter I attach great importance to, as of eminent domestic value.

To impress *facts*; and more, the actual probabilities of the future here has been the object I have had in view; and I can only hope that what has been written may tend to inculcate some higher conception of this country than, while in England, was so offensively implied in that oft-repeated, though thoroughly absurd Gladstonian quotation—

“MANACLES OR MANITOBA!”

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